



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 33 – Number 8

December 2015

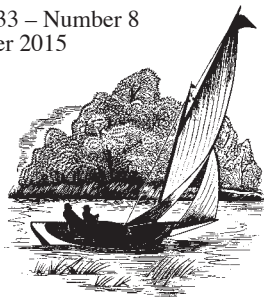
**Special Features This Issue**  
Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival  
Rio Grande Redux  
Sailing and Camping in the *Nancy Blackett*  
Grub...a Camp Aboard Skiff  
Privateers and Commerce Raiders of the Civil War



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December 2015



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

About this time every year the holiday “Annual Appeals” begin to turn up here from the local good causes that we feel we can afford to support as members. We’ve already paid for annual memberships (usually at family level) as we believe in supporting their work (in our case it’s local watershed and land preservation/open space organizations). Now they’re back asking for a “generous contribution” to their year end “Annual Appeal,” or something like that.

Hey, I’d like to help out but where do I draw the line, what with the necessity of charity beginning at home for us? Their basic annual memberships have migrated upscale to \$50 or more, pressing hard on our limited budget for such giving. As I view these appeals I cannot help but think of how the organizations soliciting this “extra” support are staffed with folks earning a whole lot more than we do annually. I don’t think this ever occurs to them.

So what does this have to do with *MAIB*? Well, like them we are “non profit” in fact if not in format. There has never been a “profit” for us in 33 years, just a living (by choice) doing what we want to do with our lives. At this end of this time span *MAIB* income now is supplemental to Social Security, it’s our way of having enough money when we get old by continuing to work.

We’re always ready, however, to encourage an increase in this income, so we earnestly look for new subscribers to replace those who drop out every year (about 20%). Our “annual appeal” takes the form of asking those of you who already support us to perhaps give gift subscriptions to persons you think might find the magazine of interest. About 100 of you do so at present and the year end bonus of these added subscriptions wraps up our year on an upbeat note. We realize that many of you are like us with limited ability to support “good causes” so we suggest that even an \$8 three month introductory gift subscription can end up with the recipient of your gift renewing at the annual \$32

rate to continue to enjoy the magazine.

The key thing here is to get the magazine into the hands of persons who might find it something they’d like to read regularly. Such folks are hard to find but we guess that if they receive a gift subscription from someone who is a reader they might be interested in signing on. Over all these years we’ve tried all the affordable ways (but no costly mass mailings to get 2% response) to reach out, including many years at boat shows catering to small boaters. We found that people do not buy subscriptions to magazines (certainly not to plain black and white efforts such as ours) at these boat shows. Lotsa visiting with readers but few new prospects.

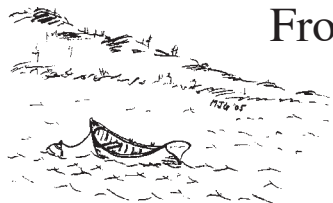
We are shoveling sand against the tide carrying on with this low budget print media serving small boaters. There is so much info now on the internet for free, in full color with videos, hard to get anyone to notice what we offer, and harder yet to get them to pony up the \$32 necessary to keep us going. Today it would be impossible to launch *MAIB* as we did in 1983, we are becoming a relic of bygone times increasingly dependent upon long time loyal readers and advertisers. So why continue to do so? Well, now in our mid-80s it’s too late for us to switch over to an online presence offered for free and dependent upon the advertising income that supports such free internet attractions. Besides this is the way we’ve always done it and will continue to do so until the end, whenever that may be (certainly not in the foreseeable future).

Every year we’ve run a page with order forms for gift subscriptions, and this year you’ll find it back with the classified ads on page 58. If the spirit moves you and the budget permits, introduce some new people to what you find enjoyable enough to earn your ongoing support. To guarantee your gifts begin with the January 2016 issue we need to have your orders in hand by December 15 latest. Our thanks for whatever you feel you can do for us.

## On the Cover...

How often do you see someone pictured in the boating press messing about in boats in the pouring rain? Not often, if at all, but now you have with this issue. Not only that but he is working on the boat. He is Brian McGowan, a long time volunteer at the Buffalo Maritime Center and he’s about to remove a swivel cannon from one of the Center’s bateaus at the rained out Buffalo Maritime Festival in early September. True dedication! Greg Grundtisch reports on the event on page 8.





## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

We go to the Christmas eggnog party at Shennecossett Yacht Club. Roast beef and ham and shrimp and conviviality and eggnog with rum and conviviality and, after attempting conviviality with boat folk for a while, I slip away into the dark to commiserate with *MoonWind*. She's on the hard for the first time in years and she isn't happy about it. The past three winters she spent in the drink, communing with the cormorant and waiting those lapses 'twixt ice and snow when I'd most be apt to take her out for an afternoon to visit with the seals. And now she's propped on seven jack stands a hundred yards from the sea and, much as she wriggles, she can't get down to flop her way back to the water.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she asks.

"Well," I say, "your bottom sadly needs scrubbing, lass. And I need to repair that gouge in your keel where you tried to seduce that rock. And you could use a new depth sounder. And then we have to give you a few more coats of bottom paint so you won't have to leave the water for three more years."

She listens to me patiently and gives a little shrug. "If I must, I must," she says. She settles onto her poppets with a sigh. I fondle her bottom lovingly and return to the noisy room. A hundred people are talking all at once. It isn't nearly so restful as an evening on the ocean.

I slop a little more eggnog into my cup and wander about, looking for someone innocent on whom to inflict myself. The river rat with the grizzled whiskers nods to me and I heave to for a spell. As a lad he was out on the water every chance, racing small powerboats, sailing around Long Island Sound, and terrorizing what used to be staid little towns along the shore. He now has a good-size sloop and a lovely first mate and time enough to enjoy them both together. Not only that, but he seems to enjoy my blather. It's his only shortcoming I know of so I tend to overlook it.

We speak of boats and the river and the villages whose innocence is imperiled by rampant tourism. We speak of picking up moorings in foreign ports where the natives speak their own unintelligible language, Massachusetts, for instance. We speak of our lengthy boyhoods, which are coming to their close. Peter Pan with white whiskers seems to lack in credibility.

Once, long ago, we could fly to mysterious worlds or romp throughout the various towns about the mouth of the river with impunity. We speak of the local places we used to frequent. He mentions the movie theater in his town, now bulged by a boutique. There used to be a movie house in most of these little towns. "Remember the drive-in movie over in Clinton?" he asks.

"Yes," I say. "And the one in Middletown and the one in Portland."

"I used to go to the drive-ins on my motorcycle," he says.

I wink at him. "I used to go to the drive-ins in my boat."

His wife looks at me, wide-eyed. "You used to go to the drive-ins in your boat?"

"Well," I say. "I had to be cautious and keep my weather eye upon my depth sounder. I'd pick a spot in the last row so I didn't have to tack among the parked cars. Then I'd make fast to one of the stanchions that had the speaker on it. If it was windy I'd stream an anchor astern so I wouldn't swing."

Her eyes grow larger and larger. "Is he serious?" she asks her amiable husband.

"I should think so," he says. "Matthew and I grew up on the river messing about in boats. There aren't many places a serious messer can't take his boat if he tries."

"I think you're being facetious," she says to me.

I smile at her. "I would never tell you anything that wasn't entirely true," I say. "After all, I'm a sailor, and everyone knows that sailors never lie."

"Well," she says. "I can see how it might be possible."

"I won't deceive you," I say to her, "it wasn't a very large boat. You wouldn't want to try it with that forty-foot sloop of yours. My boat drew only four feet."

"You guys," she says. "It always amazed me how roisterous those drive-in theaters got, positively turbulent."

"It was all of us boaters," I say to her, "lined up at the popcorn booth in our dinghies and backing water."

"Yes," she says. "That must have been the cause of it."

"You shouldn't roll your eyes so far," I say to her. "What if they stuck like that?"



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*"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"*  
—Bob

*I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design."* —Kevin



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## You write to us about...

### Adventures & Experiences...

#### "That's My Boat"

As I skipped through latest issue of *MAIB* I again realized what an unusually democratic treasure your magazine is for the many who mess about. My first boat was a 14' skiff found in the drift line on the Merrimack River near my home in Salisbury, Massachusetts, after a nor'easter. The custom then was to advertise found boats in the *Newburyport News* lost and found ads for three days. If no response was forthcoming the find was the finders. A buddy and I, both about 12, named her *Whistler*, a nickname of the Golden Eye duck. She was powered by a cat sail rig we made and oars and she served us well for several years. One day while fishing for flounders near the Toothpick an old guy in boat anchored nearby boat not unkindly said, "That's my boat." I told him the story and he said, "OK keep it." Or something like that.

Pike Messenger, Middleton, MA

### Designs...

#### The Boat Does Work

Referring to Susan Altenburger's work on SACPAS/LCP, I found her pointing out in the October issue to the Navy that the boat does work and is capable of fulfilling its mission was done in a way that is both effective and tongue in cheek. Bravo for her. Just wish I was in a position to have purchased the boat. I would love to cruise Lake Michigan in that one!

John Nystrom, Peru, IN

### Information of Interest...

#### The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke

Piper Boatworks of Rye, New Hampshire, has partnered with Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to launch a pilot project to create The Boatshop

at Strawberry Banke. Located on the grounds of the historic museum, The Boatshop will provide expanded maritime history related exhibits and demonstrations as well as workshops and programs focused on maritime related topics and skills.

"Strawberry Banke Museum interprets the 300 plus year history of the people of Portsmouth whose lives were intertwined with the river and ocean, the boats that harbored here and the economies that were derived from it," said Nate Piper, of Piper Boatworks. "The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke is an opportunity to reconnect to this region's rich maritime history and to provide a place where modern day sailors, boaters and maritime enthusiasts can gather and learn."

The first phase of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke will focus on the expansion of one of the existing buildings to accommodate a new workshop and demonstration space. Businesses and individuals passionate about growing this aspect of the Museum's visitor experience are invited to contact the Strawberry Banke Development Office to learn more about underwriting these efforts.

The second phase of The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke will focus on developing a series of programs on modern and historical maritime topics and skills and the creation of an onsite exhibit. Volunteers interested in assisting with maritime related exhibit set up, onsite demonstrations and construction of the new Boatshop building can contact Nate Piper at [boatshop@strawberrybanke.org](mailto:boatshop@strawberrybanke.org).

"Over time, Strawberry Banke interpreted the rich maritime history of Portsmouth in a variety of ways," noted Lawrence Yerdon, President and CEO of Strawberry Banke. "This new partnership with Piper Boatworks is an exciting opportunity to expand the museum's exploration of this history while providing new program offerings for daily visitors, museum members and the community at large."

Piper Boatworks is based in Rye, New Hampshire, and is owned and operated by Nate Piper. Piper Boatworks repairs, maintains and builds boats of all sizes and designs. Piper Boatworks is also the only authorized builder of new MerryMac sailboats and replacement parts. For more information

please visit [www.piperboatworks.com](http://www.piperboatworks.com).

Strawberry Banke Museum ([www.strawberrybanke.org](http://www.strawberrybanke.org)), is a 501c3 non profit founded in 1958 to save a ten acre site in the historic downtown core of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from urban renewal. The authentic ten acre outdoor history museum is dedicated to bringing 300 years of American history to life. The Museum is a place for children, adults, multigenerational families and groups to gather to explore heritage gardens, historic buildings and crafts, preservation programs, hands on activities, the stories told by costumed role players and the changing exhibits that offer hours of fun and discovery.

Nate Piper, Piper Boatworks, (603) 686-2232, [nate@piperboat.com](mailto:nate@piperboat.com)

Stephanie Seacord, Strawberry Banke Museum, (603) 433-1102, [sseacord@strawberrybanke.org](mailto:sseacord@strawberrybanke.org)

### Opinions...

#### One Phrase Stood Out

In your November issue "Commentary" one phrase stood out to me as though it was highlighted! "... I'm not heading into the home stretch of my life immersed in daily life's trivial tasks."

Right on!

Tim Mayer, Brunswick, ME

#### The Camera is a Mute Liar

The camera is a mute liar, a visual enticement to lure the traveler from the comfort and safety of his home to expose himself to all the dangers that the strumpet Gaea has prepared for him. The severity of weather conditions, exhaustion, insects, disease, documentation, transportation expenses, lodgings and sundry other irritations that add to the problems of reality, the photograph joyously omits. So venture on risk taker, some are lucky and others overlooked by that deceiving trollope posing for the camera.

Tom McGrath, Santa Fe, NM

**Editor Comments:** Readers who might wish to read Tom's writings that appeared on our pages in the '80s and '90s can go to [darnfoole.com](http://darnfoole.com) to find sources of his book, a compilation of many of his tales from our pages.



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It's not just with boats, but many offerings, including a lot of real estate, tend to have a very narrow appeal and leave the seller looking for the proverbial "right person." If you have something pretty ordinary and mundane, all you do is price it right and chances are you can find a deal. If something is what we think of as "special," the field narrows. One person's "special" is not everyone's "special." If restoration is involved, or if a property is a "fixer upper," then it is all the harder to find that "someone."

Someone who thinks he or she is the right person today may well prove to be the right person in the long run. I can't even begin to estimate how many abandoned projects we have purchased over the years, or how often we have bought boats back from customers who had the best of plans and intentions but in many cases never even got started.

Plans change, people move, health fails and the boat never gets done, sometimes for reasons beyond the control of the right person. Other times the person bit off far too much and grossly underestimated the scope of the project. Boat people are mostly optimistic by nature and if they have a weakness for old boats as well, trying to save something that may well be beyond saving is hard to resist.

The publication *Bone Yard Boats* acts as a matchmaking service to try to bring people with weak spots for projects together with those owners responsible for boats they can no longer hold out hope of restoring. Many of the ads are scary, and now that the publication has switched to color they seem to look even scarier than they did in black and white. There are, however, quite a few cute little outboards, some stored indoors, that might even qualify as the mythical "easy project." There are sometimes offerings of mahogany runabouts, but in my ten years or so of subscribing, nothing that I needed to purchase. One 16' Gar Wood that I had surveyed locally here in Connecticut at \$5,000 and had later offered to buy at \$5,500 (which was declined) showed up all the way out in western Tennessee for \$8,500. "Bone" and "Bargain" start with the same letter but should not be confused.

People offering the larger vintage yachts, cruisers and sailboats run the gamut from delirious to deadly realistic. In the wooden boats rot is obviously the concern and there are claims like "some rot, nothing major," to "just wear and tear rot" and even one person who thought that frames had "softened (not rotted)". In all fairness, David Irving, the Publisher/Editor, did print an "after" photo of one large cruiser which had been offered but broke into two pieces when she was lifted, which maybe served as a cautionary photo for people thinking they could undertake such a project.

Amateur restorers sometimes complete remarkable projects, so it's not wise to lump everyone who thinks they can save a big boat into the fool category, but it is so, so easy to underestimate what is required to get the boat seaworthy and insurable. Even with no allowance for labor, the costs add up quickly. *Bone Yard Boats* had the following words of wisdom, "It is often said that the first owner of a boat is the one owner who has sufficient funds to keep the boat in pristine condition." This is not always true, obviously, but more true than not.

It is pretty easy to poke fun at lots of the would be restorers, but their feelings and

## The Right Person

By Boyd Mefferd

devotion, however misguided, have to be respected. "I really love this boat," is almost boiler plate in the ads, and I'm sure people do. Some go to great lengths before they finally throw in the towel. One Chris Craft owner from Maine wrote, "It's not that I've given up on her. In fact, she has been moved to three different locations since I stopped working on her, so there must be some sort of chemical bond here. It's the same old story. I love the boat but then three factors always come into play, space is limited, time is limited and, of course right now, my money is very limited." He sounds like someone I'd like to meet.

Another man had been trying to save a 50'+ motor cruiser made of wood which had been overlaid with ferrocement and mesh. As this failed, he was adding a layer of plywood and epoxy over it all. He'd done half but could not complete the job, so he was looking for his "perfect person" who would buy (literally, have you priced epoxy recently?) into this unconventional technique and finish the job.

Dollars and cents obviously play some role in most decisions to buy, but in the past I've written about those so intent on a good deal that they buy something that is wrong for the use they intend, or has concealed problems that make the so called great deal not so great after all. It's easy for the "smart money" people to outsmart themselves, particularly if they don't know all that much about boats.

If restoration is involved it immediately becomes much more difficult to evaluate a boat offering. The people who think they can buy a distressed boat, pay someone to fix her up and still come out ahead are, almost without fail, disappointed. They realize they could have purchased the "done" boat for less than their total investment and car people tell me it's the same with most antique cars. People contemplating a restoration usually want an estimate, and I'm sorry to say that after restoring boats for a living for 35 years, I'm not much better at "estimates" than I was at the beginning. Now, at least, I make fewer of them and allow for more leeway.

Materials may not be inexpensive, but labor is the big unknown for most restorations. An established shop with rent and taxes and insurance generally has an hourly rate that they must make just to stay in business. Someone working by him or herself out of a garage may have more flexibility, but still expect something to show for their time when all is said and done. If you are doing the restoration yourself, what value do you place on your time?

One friend who restores runabouts as recreation (serious boats including two 28' Gar Woods) said that he would have been paid better if he had been babysitting. I had to make a smart remark and tell him that nobody would hire him for babysitting so he was stuck with boats. Some people like him keep track of hours, even though nobody is paying him. Others would rather not know and make a point of not keeping any record. For them, I guess, it's just the pure love of the work.

Just when the values of antique boats seem as though they can't go any lower, they go lower. One big vintage motor yacht I've been aboard many times just sold, after a frus-

trating process, for far less than just the used value of her two diesel engines. I just bought one of a deceased customer's boats for about ten cents on the dollar of his investment. His widow had one lowball offer and thankfully showed us the courtesy of asking if we would match it. She said she'd rather have us end up with the boat than the man who made the initial offer. It's a touchy situation because out of respect for our late customer and his dealings with us, I simply didn't feel comfortable making the same low offer that a stranger had no trouble making. In this case, the boat went to us, not the stranger, but that's the exception, not the rule.

I've been lucky to make a career of sorts paying people on the low side of fair for a boat they needed to sell and then reselling her for a fair price, or sometimes on the high side of fair. I take pride in never having been a "bottom feeder" but, as time passes, I've seen that the bottom feeders have more and more success and make most of the money. It becomes a question of my willingness to go against everything I've valued as business ethics and subscribe to the bottom feeder mentality myself.

For the most part I've run a "fixed price" or "firm price" business for the last 35 years. Maybe it was because I wasn't that good at bargaining, but a large part of it was an effort to avoid the low offers that one segment of the population seems to be compelled to make. People who have boats they need to sell often are not well informed about how the market is sagging and they tend to cling to old values. They will say "no way" to the first ten low offers and then sometimes give up and take the eleventh. When making a business out of it, this is a very difficult thing to time out. Often over the years I would hear of a boat I had looked at selling for far below my offer which was rejected. Why don't sellers save these offers and come back to them when it is time to throw in the towel? It's a spur of the moment thing, I guess, or maybe they assume that if they call me back I'll try to reduce my offer.

As the boat values drop, at some point a nice usable example of a particular boat can be bought for less than just the material costs for the project. the prices of lumber, epoxy, chrome plating and upholstery still seem to be going up with no end in sight. When the market value of the project does not even meet the materials cost, where does this leave the "right person?" I really don't know, but I suspect that one is left in very limited company.

To call someone else a fool because of choices he or she has made is often presumptuous. To call yourself a fool, if you are contemplating working for something less than nothing, seems pretty understandable. When the "perfect person" realizes that he's more like the perfect fool, the project boat is probably going to the landfill and he may be getting right out on the water in the turnkey boat he bought for cheap. It's not all bad. Different opportunities arise and people who enjoy boating will take them. Some boats will be lost, but some more will have good new owners who will use and maintain them. Good or bad, it's the times we live in.



## Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival Some Kinda Big

By Dan Rogers

We are talking about some kinda big here. If I had started out after breakfast with the silly notion that I could simply stop and look each boat over, maybe take a few pictures and then move on to the next one, I would have missed lunch completely. Stop and talk with each of the owners/builders/designers and it would take several days. And this is exactly what the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival is set up for you to do. The word “extravaganza” doesn’t come close to describing what this thing is. For some silly reason, I’ve managed to miss the first 37 of these. I sure hope I don’t miss any more of them!







## If You've Seen One...

By Dave Lucas

If you've seen one old boat you've seen them all. The one I really love is this twin engine houseboat. It's something Dan or I would love to build and have but ours probably wouldn't come out this nice. Our boats look this good in our minds. It's not possible to scale a cool looking boat down to the size we want and not have it look a little funky. Standing headroom is a bitch in a narrow 18' boat.

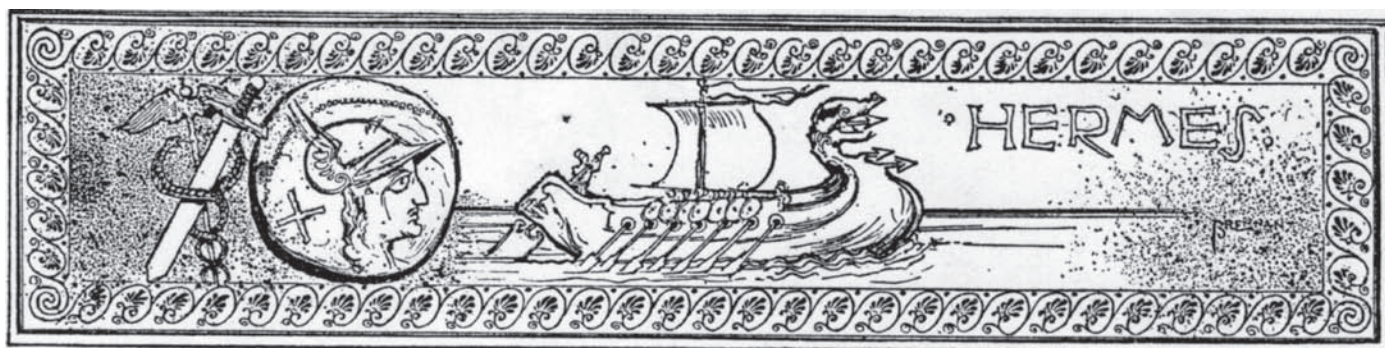


## I Had the Time of My Life

By Annie

Eight years ago I drove our motor home up to Port Townsend from San Diego, just me and my Australian Shepherd Shiloh and several cases of books. I had reserved a booth so I could sign and sell books. The first day a storm went through and flattened my booth. The second day (Saturday) I sold some books and met some others who were staying in the RV park on site near my rig. In the evening my friend Marsha, who had flown up to help me, and new friends from the show, sat around my RV drinking and playing Boggle. I lost money on the booth but had the time of my life on the whole trip. I abandoned the booth on Sunday and saw the show. I had brought my paddle ski along and was able to get on the water both inside and outside the show basin.

Here's a painting I did from the 1997 show.







The Center's signature boats at upper left, Buffalo River ferries, double ended sculling workboats.



Contrasting vessels.



ACBS in the water display.



# Buffalo Maritime Festival 2015

By Greg Grundtisch



The Maritime Festival at Canalside was held on September 12. The Buffalo Maritime Center was again a major part of this ever-growing Canalside event. There was much work and preparation in anticipation of this year's greatly expanded event. Unfortunately the wet weather did not help this year's festivities.

In spite of the rainy and overcast day the show did go on with much reduced attendance from the anticipated throngs, as the poor weather forecast kept many away save for some "real boaters" who pay no heed to minor setbacks such as rain and just made the best of the wet gloomy day.

The brig *Niagara* from Erie, Pennsylvania, was in town for the Festival along with the schooner *Spirit of Buffalo*. These ships were the largest of the Festival participants. The Maritime Center entered its flagship *Scajaquada* and the Nomans Land boat, the *O.K. Clark*. The Center also had a land display of boats and tents on the boardwalk and dock to meet and greet the masses and inform them of the work it is doing and what classes, courses, workshops and such it provides for the public. There is some very impressive and exciting work and programs going on at the Center these days. Ask them about the Buffalo Whaler (or is it Wailer?) among many other ongoing projects.

The local Antique and Classic Boat Society participated in the Festival this year. They had both land and water displays, including the largest number of boats at the Festival. They also provided the "Field of Dreams" display for those looking for a water ready antique or classic boat or a project boat to keep one busy for years to come. The ACBS had displays and vendors with antique outboards and engines, canoes and other small boats, parts and accessories and other old boat related items for sale.

There were food trucks and the regular vendors offering food and beverages, crafts, T shirts, and the like. Most of these periph-

eral vendors closed up shortly after opening as the promise of crowds early in the day diminished rapidly as the rain began to come down steadily. The ACBS provided the DJ and music and PA announcing. The DJ stayed and played through some very uncomfortable conditions, the cheery background music helped make the damp weather a little more tolerable.

The crew of the brig *Niagara* provided tours of the ship and the *Niagara* was also the venue for the BMC fundraiser later that evening. The fundraiser did well and all wondered how much better it might have been had the weather been cooperative.

As the already small crowd reduced to a trickle, most participants began to call it a day and the 2015 Maritime Festival came to a soggy close. This year's Festival had been much anticipated as it was greatly expanded and included so many more boats and maritime related participants because of the great reputation the Maritime Center has developed over the past seasons. There was a show to see if you were dressed properly and a good time could be had, weather be damned! The Festival will once again go on next year, larger with more participants and the weather is guaranteed to be near perfect.

The Maritime Center had planned to provide free boat rides through the historic area of Buffalo Creek and the Inner harbor, and sailing on the *Scajaquada* and *O.K. Clark*. These will again be offered next year with the possibility to sail aboard other historic ships and boats. Plan now for this event as we at the Maritime Center are already doing. Want to be part of it? Contact the Buffalo Maritime Center we will help you and show you how. This Festival is FREE! Where else can you find a waterfront Festival, with all that is provided to see and do, for free? Nowhere but the Buffalo Maritime Center where it is said that if you are lucky enough to be a part of the Buffalo Maritime Center, you're lucky enough!

Many thanks to the BMC's Roger Allen, John Montague, the Center's volunteers, the ACBS and their volunteers, the captain and crew of the brig *Niagara* and the folks that put on a very enjoyable and successful evening fundraiser on the *Niagara*.



Putting up a tent in front of the Center's White Electra in prep for the free rides.

BMC members' display, from left a BMC Lightning, John Montague's Caledonia yawl, Dick Wiesen's cat schooner.





# Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous

By Richard Honan

"...there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." This was so true at the Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous, a gathering of mostly amateur boat builders and small boat enthusiasts. Organized for the third year in a row by Walter Baron, owner of the Old Wharf Dory Company, and held on Mayo Beach in Wellfleet Massachusetts, it gave everyone, boat owners and those just passing by, a chance to row a variety of small row boats.

September 19 was summerlike with sunny skies and a warm southwesterly breeze that made for perfect conditions to try out everything from a lumberyard skiff, wherries, Adirondack guide boats and Swampscott dories. There were plenty of opportunities to talk to the various owners and builders about why they were drawn to any particular boats. For some it was the chance to build a boat using traditional materials and techniques, for others weight and boat speed were considerations and for some, building their first boat was a lifelong dream come true.

They all came together that afternoon to let anyone who desired to do so the opportunity to take their boats out for a row. They spent the afternoon talking about their boats, maybe learning a new boat building technique or maybe a new source for bronze screws or boat building lumber.

Special thanks to Walter Baron of the Old Wharf Dory Company for organizing the event, the Cape Cod Marine Trades Association who pitched in some money for sandwiches and water and to whoever donated the raw oysters. I met many individuals that day who simply like to mess around in boats.







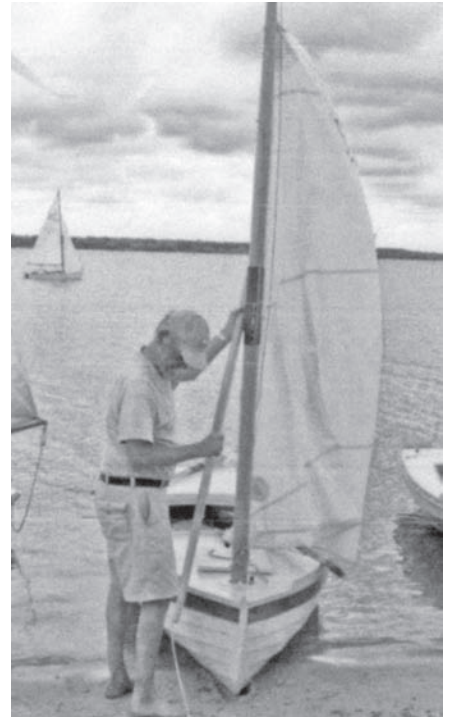
Selections from the *Mainsheet*, newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

## Messabout 2015

By Frank Stauss

Photos by Rachel Cobb and Andy Slavinskis

On September 12 our Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association held its annual Messabout at Union Lake in Millville, New Jersey. The day dawned sunny but with no wind. Around 10am the clouds rolled in, bringing some breeze. By the time the sailboat race was held it was perfect. Approximately 25 boats with crews participated in the daylong festivities. Sailing, rowing and paddling were the order of the day. After the sail race a hearty lunch was provided and then it was time for the paddling/rowing race and then the trivia contest.







## Come aboard!

The **Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA)** works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

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Joe enjoys the Chisos Mountains to the east.

Monday: We have arrived at the put in, aka the Santa Elena take out, near Castolon, Texas (just inside the western border of Big Bend National Park), unloaded the boats and gear. Four boats, four people, Chuck and I, our son Joe and Skip Johnson, good friend and long time paddling buddy. Skip has brought *Easy B*, his custom canoe, Chuck and I have our Michalak Rio Grande kayaks and Joe is taking his Old Town sit inside kayak.

Chuck leaves to drive the Jeep back to Rio Grande Village, our take out, where he will be picked up by our shuttle and brought back to us and we bob and weave and reorganize the elements of our gear. How in the heck is all this stuff going to fit into our boats? The worst part is all the water we have to carry. This is not a river we can use a water filter on like we do at Lake Powell, what with all the industrial waste that goes into the water upstream and the cows and horses that live on the banks. The recommended amount is a gallon a day per person and we are planning five days. It needs to be distributed in the boat to make the load at least somewhat even.

The river is running about 150-175 cubic feet per second of flow. Two weeks ago (I have been watching the charts every day for a month), it was close to 9,000 cfs, apparently due to tropical storms in the Pacific that landed on the west coast of Mexico. The mud deposited high on the banks confirms that high water. Most of the flow in the Rio Grande past Presidio really comes from the Rio Concho, and a good part of that flow

## Rio Grande Redux

By Sandra Leinweber

comes from the dams in northern Mexico that preserve water for irrigation. When they get full and let water out, the Rio Grande in Big Bend can flood. When Chuck gets back with Rick, the shuttle driver, he says that Rick says the dams in Mexico are at 98% capacity and may be releasing soon. A little sobering! But we are still hoping it will come up a bit, hopefully not more than 1,000 cfs or so!

Chuck and Skip have run the 75 miles of the GURG (Great Unknown Rio Grande) twice before, I have done it once before and Joe never. We take off, planning to make at least ten miles downstream before we stop for the night. This part of the river is mostly open country and there are long stretches of paddling, punctuated by the occasional gravel bar, a bit of dragging over rocks and then a nice fast sweep along the bank under river cane. The cane would like to trap us and we paddle hard to stay beside it instead of under it. The cane is apparently considered an invasive species, not something I entirely understand, it appears to anchor the bank, which is largely loose mud and clay and subject to erosion, but then I don't know what was there before the cane. A little research perhaps.

Ten miles down we find a good site to camp. It has been cloudy all day with big thunderclouds off to the north and southwest, and we want to be up high enough to

not worry about the river coming up in the night and also have something solid to attach the boats to. To be honest, I cannot remember much about the spot other than that Joe decided to set his cot up by the river so as to keep an eye on it, and Chuck and Skip and I were back away from the water in tents. I do remember that sometime after midnight it began to sprinkle and I was glad I had given Joe my big poncho, just in case, he sleeps open, no tent. The sprinkles quickly turned into a good shower, lasting long enough to reanimate the sticky mud.

Our goal for Tuesday was 20 miles, which would put us within about 15 miles of the entrance to Mariscal Canyon. Still cloudy, keeping the real heat at bay. Late September is not the ideal time to be on the river, still a bit warm, but we were taking advantage of our son Joe's ten days off. No extra water coming down yet, but I am starting to get my "river legs," starting to remember how to read the drops, read the sweeps, avoid most of the rocks.

My Rio Grande kayak is more heavily built than Chuck's, I tend to go a little faster and maybe hit or graze a few more of the rocks. Mine is plywood, reinforced with fiberglass and some Kevlar. Chuck's is foam core, lighter but also covered with fiberglass and Kevlar. Otherwise they are identical and we both have waterproof compartments front and back with access through Sealect kayak hatches. Directly behind the cockpit is a large rectangular space, built with a lip and a cover that is strapped on with bungee cord. This

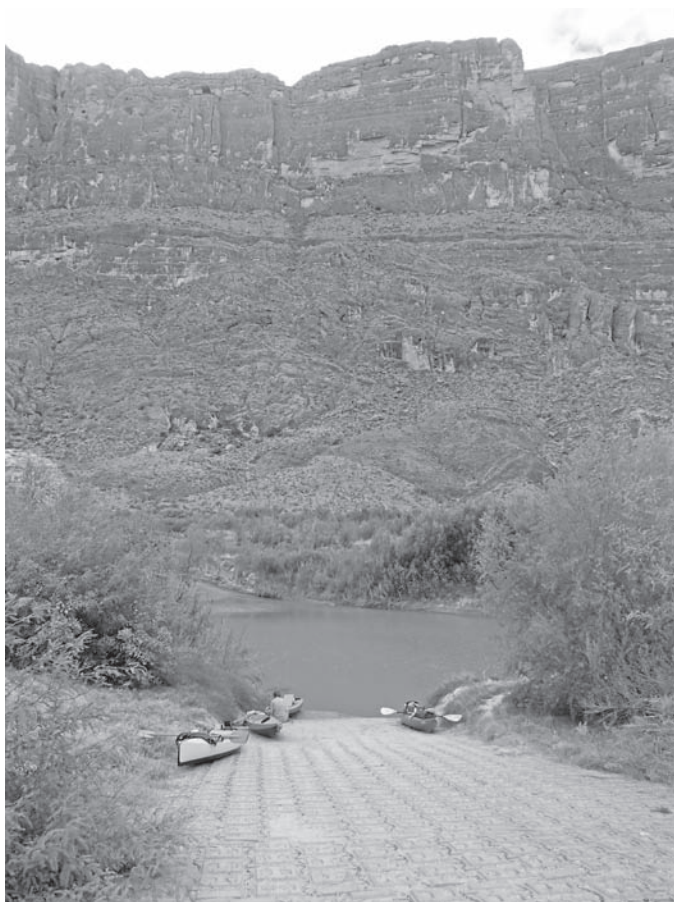
We managed to get four boats, four paddlers and all our gear in one car and trailer.



One of the more placid parts of the river.







The Santa Elena take out, our put in.



Our Mariscal Canyon camp, Mexico on the left, Texas on the right.

one is going to take on water when and if we turn over, but we keep things in there that can get wet.

Tuesday is a long day and when we start looking for a good campsite, they are just not there. Ideally we want a wide spot where rising water could spread out with gravel bar for the boats, a tree to tie them to and a nice bank about 10' or 15' up with good flat spots for tents. We finally settle on a less than ideal spot that does get us up above the river, not as far up as we would like and also a bit narrow, with a thick growth of cane just up from the tent spots. There is an escape route through the cane but we hope we will not need it. We are all tired.

When I wake up at 12:30am, listening to the water, it sounds fine, but when I look down at the flow, now illuminated by the moon, I can see it has risen and is running a good bit faster than it was when we went to sleep. The boats are floating and the gravel bar has disappeared. Skip had stuck a 12" or so stick in the bank earlier and it has disappeared under the water. We have the moonlight but no clue if the rise will continue or not, so we take the camp apart, load the boats and get ready to either take to the boats or higher ground. After an hour or so, it looks like the level has stabilized, maybe even gone down a bit, but then Skip recalls hearing about a pattern where that seems to happen but then there is another surge and rise. So we wait, taking turns on watch and sleeping on the ground with our heads on life jackets. I start thinking I am too old for this, but really don't have much choice, so fall asleep anyway.

Daylight takes forever to come but the river stays the same and, all of us being eternal optimists, this water level is starting to

look like fun. It also looks like chocolate milk now, having picked up a load of silt and clay that is pale brown. We will find out later that we now have about 800-900cfs, which is almost perfect. High enough to get us over most of the rocks, high enough to take the Class 1 rapids up to Class 2 and the occasional "almost" Class 3, depending on how fast the drops come and how close together they are and how fast we have to turn to make the next one.

I manage to get too close to the river cane on one of the sweeps and get stuck. I cannot back up, the rushing water has me pinned. I can see the guys are trying to get to me to help me pull back out, but before they can I lean too far over, the water fills the cockpit and we go over. It is deeper than I thought, but somehow easier to extract now, so I grab the boat and they help me swim over to the shallows, flip it and bail things out.

We make excellent time and, not long after lunch, we are at the beginning of Mariscal. It is like entering some sort of time warp as the walls rise around us and the sounds of the river echo off the sides. Bird-song and small bird flights follow us along. The first challenge is the rock pile, and we all make the twists and turns with little problem. A bit farther on is the Tight Squeeze. This is Chuck's third time through this canyon, the first time he lined his boat through the Squeeze. He came home with tales of the challenge, how others ran it and did fine, some turned over and some lined it like him.

So when we went the first time together, (a trip we made with Louis Aulbach and others) I was understandably nervous. The river was quite low by the time we got to the canyon and at some point someone said, "Well,

the tight Squeeze was pretty easy this time!"

"What??? We already went through?" They all laughed at me.

This trip it definitely looks a little scary. We stop and climb up on the rocks above the giant boulders creating a zigzag in the river and scout. Joe, our 33-year-old, says, "I can do this," goes back, climbs in his kayak and runs it perfectly. Skip watches Joe go through, changes his mind about lining and has a successful run. Chuck and I decide to line it together, boats tied back to back. We have to climb up over the big rocks along the side and pass the front and back lines along as we go, but it works way better than my imagination says it might and we are soon on the other side.

Separating the boats, he has me climb into mine first and paddle away. I stop a ways along and wait, sure he will be right behind me. When he does not appear, Joe paddles back to see and Chuck has got a knee wrong getting in and capsized. Now we are even, having both capsized once on a previous trip and now both once this time, not that we are keeping score or anything, but we are both oldest kids.

Cross Creek camp. Joe and I enjoy the shade.





Once all that is sorted, we have a short paddle to the Cross Creek camp spot. It is only about 3pm but we are all tired and wired and inspired by the beautiful canyon so we set up a shade shelter and relax. As I recall we were all sound asleep by 8pm and slept peacefully, no more river rises, even though Joe slept by the water to keep watch. I awoke a couple of times and checked the boats to make sure they had not moved and watched the stars for a while. Nothing like a dark canyon in the middle of nowhere for stars. Orion, Cassiopeia, Cygnus and a million more than we ever see at home.

Thursday, the river is down just a bit. We take our time in the five miles out of the canyon. It is just a giant rock garden complete with birds, the occasional bump and splash of a fish and just the sheer rock walls soaring. Just outside the canyon are five horses grazing on the US side bank. Some miles downriver we will encounter our first humans, a father and small son on horseback from the Mexico side, looking for lost horses. We try to tell them where we saw the five but I am not sure we were understood. We have decided that if all goes well we will make it all the way to our take-out today. We have good current and the total distance for the day is about 25 miles.

We are heading northward now, Mariscal having been at the bottom of the big bend, and we have thunderheads and dark skies off to the north. We also have a headwind, which slows us, but our average speed is about 3mph. Skip is the strongest paddler. I suspect Chuck and Joe could paddle just as fast as Skip, but they are going at my speed and I am happy for that. I have found that



A typical Rio Grande scene.

I can paddle all day without any particular problem but I am like the tortoise, not the hare, and like to just keep it steady.

The rain never reaches us, the wind backs off a bit and with only five miles left we get a little euphoric and take one last break and make for the take-out. It appears just as Chuck's GPS dings that we have arrived. The take-out is deserted and we get the boats out and unloaded while Chuck goes to get the Jeep. He returns with excellent news, there

are showers at Rio Grande Village and they are open 24/7. We just need quarters. We have all been in the same clothes for four days. We head for the campground, have a quick dinner and go look for showers. They are beautiful showers and five minutes under a hot spray is heaven. It has been a perfect trip all around. One last desire to be met, we will stop in Fort Stockton on the way home for a TEXMEX lunch (delicious).



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My friend Scot and I worked together for years at the same engineering company, but when the company changed we each opted for self employment as independent engineering consultants. A long term machinery development project, actually a carry over from our earlier employment, was now ours to manage together. Right away Scot left me to manage the project for a while and went sailing. He and his wife Darla took their Westerly Konsort *Anticipation* through Lake Erie and the Erie Canal, down the Hudson, then through the Inter Coastal Waterway to spend the winter in the Bahamas, the Florida Keys and along the west coast of Florida. Their ambitious journey took a year, the sort of once in a lifetime trip people dream of.

We both were at a crossroads in life. I had plans for the future as well, and they did not include sailing to Florida, so I could enjoy the idea of what Scot was doing without envy. As for our mutual project, much of the work at that point was mine to tend anyway. We each had different abilities which were both essential to the project, but fortunately no crisis came along that I could not handle while he was away.

Then, as they were on their way back to northern Ohio in June, we got a call from Scot. He and Darla were on the Erie Canal somewhere between Utica and Albany, New York. "Would you and Mary Anne like to meet us in Syracuse and travel the rest of the canal with us on our boat?" He assured me that at 29' long the boat was big enough and we could meet at the marina on Onondaga Lake near the Salt Museum in Liverpool, a suburb to the northwest of Syracuse. It sounded delightful. All we had to do was make the time and get there but now I, too, was my own boss. I could take the time off as well and the project would just have to wait for a few days.

We drove to the Amtrak station in Depew, near Buffalo, and took the train to Syracuse to meet them. The plan was to travel with them by boat for four days back to Tonawanda, then we would take a taxi to the car and drive home while they sailed home through Lake Erie. This would be a new and different experience for us and it was exciting to think about. We made the train on time, but trains never seem to be on time, so we were a bit late arriving at the station in East Syracuse. By the time we traveled in rush hour traffic across town to the boat we arrived much later in the day than expected.

Scot was understandably eager to get underway, so he cast off and headed the boat toward the lake outlet as Darla showed us our accommodations and we became acquainted with the boat. The mast had been folded down and the sails stowed so that we could navigate the bridges and locks, and sailing is not for canals anyway. There would be motoring, no sailing, on this trip. We were on a sailboat but it felt a bit more like a very small floating cottage.

The evening was cold and windy and as we entered the canal spur at the north end of Onondaga Lake, a light rain began to fall. It was only a short distance of seven miles to Lock 24 at Baldwinsville, but there was no lock tender on duty when we arrived so we tied up and took a walk into town in the dark. We found nothing open and nothing of interest there. In fact, my overall impression was of a dark, dismal, damp and dreary place thanks to the late hour and the rain, but once back aboard the boat we were cheery and warm in its cabin.

## Traveling the Erie Canal by Sailboat

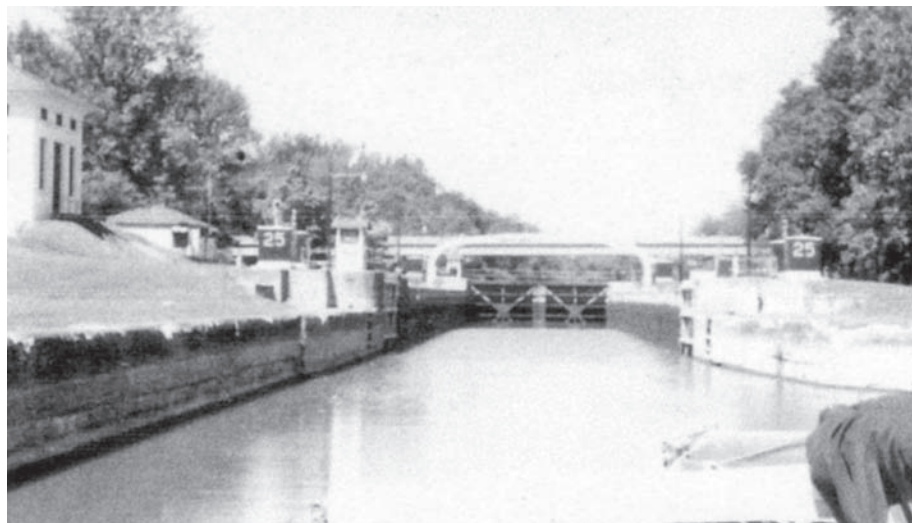
By Hugh Groth



Dawn came bright and sunny. We ate breakfast on the boat, negotiated the lock once it was open and found that the Seneca River/Canal has a well populated river front for about three to four miles in that area. Baldwinsville is not really the small town it had seemed to be the night before but it did not seem to be any friendlier in the daylight. Once out of town we saw little but farm fields and woodland as we pleasantly motored along at a steady 5 knots for about 27 miles of river/canal, briefly across the lower end of Cross Lake, past the junction with the Cayuga and Seneca Canal and through the Montezuma Wildlife Area with its flocks of water birds, soon coming to Lock 25 with a low lift of 6', enough to take us out of the marshy wildlife area.

The Erie Canal, an engineering marvel in its day, was completed in 1825 by men and mules. It opened a route to the west that reduced the time required by overland travel from six weeks to ten days and cut the cost of shipping by 90%. As a result, towns were established along the way and New York City became the largest US shipping port. Over the years the canal was improved, expanded, widened and rerouted in places to take advantage of the lakes and rivers that the original canal had avoided. The original canal had 83 small stone locks, now reduced to 35 larger, wider modern locks with a 300' length clearance, and an overall depth increase from 4' to 12'. Today the canal is used largely for pleasure boating and touring, open during the warm months.

Approaching a lock.



The elevation of Lake Erie is 568' higher than the Hudson River, so while there are a few descending locks traveling west-bound, the portion we traveled was all uphill. We would be locking through 12 locks on our way to Tonawanda with lift heights of 6' up to over 25' at Pittsford and the tandem locks at Lockport of 24.5' each. Locking through averages about half an hour, but that time is highly variable. There can be boats already in the lock on the way up or down, or the lock tender may have gotten a message that other boats were approaching from either direction that could also fit in the chamber. Waiting time, as well as fill time on higher locks makes a difference.



Tending the mooring lines in a lock.

After you notify the lock tender of your intention to lock through he will signal with a green light when you may enter the chamber. Once in the lock the boat must be secured along the wall with mooring lines at an assigned station. When all boats are secured the gates are closed and the chamber fills. With the chamber full the boat operators and lock tender exchange papers, the gates are opened and the boats can exit in station order and go on. It sounds simple, but moving a boat through a lock can be tricky for the boat operator, especially for a boat in an ascending lock, as we always were.

The water is usually turbulent as the chamber rapidly fills, so even larger boats can be tossed around. The boat operator must be vigilant in tending the mooring lines to keep the boat from banging on the chamber wall and to prevent lines or fenders from snagging on the walls as the water rises. This is especially true on the taller locks where the mooring lines must be moved or shortened significantly as the boat moves higher. With a snagged line the boat could be pulled under.



This is the way to travel.

*Anticipation* had come through the canal by way of the Mohawk River plus some land cuts to Lake Oneida, then to Syracuse on the Oswego River, negotiating 23 locks in the process. Mary Anne and I boarded at Syracuse and we had just traveled from Baldwinsville on the Seneca River and were now on the Clyde River. However, much of the western section would be land cuts until we got to Tonawanda Creek beyond Lockport. The rivers and lakes are “canalized” to provide a sufficient and dependable channel, and the river will have a dam adjacent to the lock to provide a pool of water at the upper level.

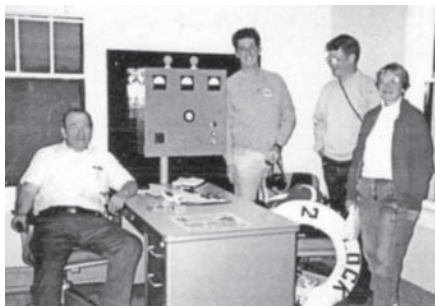
We motored along in cool sunshine to Lock 26, then through the small village of Clyde to Lock 27 at Lyons. We made a stop for fuel at a small marina near Lock 28A just west of town, then went on through Newark and Lock 28B to Palmyra where we tied up for the night along the wall of Lock 29. We generally tied up at night along the entrance walls of a lock located in or near a town so that we could easily disembark. It was more secure, maybe even more possible, than along the mud banks of the canal and there we could usually find a restaurant for dinner.



Tied up for the night.

After we visited with the lock tender for a bit he pointed us to the trail to town. We started up a grassy lane, coming to Main Street with almost no traffic and no restaurants. After a walk of nearly a mile we arrived at a “church corner,” a crossroads with a church on each corner. It appeared as though we had gone a century back in time in this quiet village, but just a little further on we found the town and our dinner.

The friendly lockmaster.



The path to town.

Next morning, after going through Lock 30 at Macedon, we made a stop at the “office.” Actually, we came to the town of Fairport and found we were temporarily blocked by the Main Street lift bridge, so we tied up along the wall, found a pay phone and made a call home to see how our project was going. We joked that using a pay phone as an office was a great way to conduct a business. We were on a holiday and just could not get serious about work. Then after a short walk around we boarded the boat again and signaled the lift bridge. Fairport is a pretty little town that obviously catered to the canal travelers.



A stop at the “office.”

This was the first lift bridge we had encountered since Mary Anne and I had come on board the boat. Since then we had already passed under more than 50 fixed bridges and, while they require careful navigating to stay away from the turbulence at the bridge supports, they do not cause any delay. The entire canal has a current, whether or not it is part of a river, so it may want to push the boat where you do not want to go, a condition most prevalent at bridges and near locks.



Lift bridge.

Although it is a bit quicker, the procedure for passing under a lift bridge is similar to negotiating a lock. Scot would notify the bridge operator, then we waited for traffic to clear and stop, the road gates

to go down and the bridge to raise enough to let us through. Here Scot did not have to exchange any documentation. Often the people that had been stopped by the rising bridge would get out of their cars to watch and wave as we went through.

Less than ten miles later we came to the high locks at Pittsford and Rochester, both with lifts of 25', then motored through a rather gritty industrial area in south Rochester. With the exception of Fairport the towns along the way did not seem to be interested in accommodating travelers and it continued that way as we circled Rochester.

The course of the canal turned north and west again, coming to the Genesee River junction. The canal proceeds directly across the river, like a crossroads, with guard gates on the canal a half mile away on either side, presumably to protect against flooding of the canal.

In a while we came to more lift bridges at Spencerport and two more soon after in Brockport. The day before had been a long one of 64 miles and several locks, so we stopped early this day. Brockport appeared to be a pleasant town with a good wall along the canal between the two bridges. We could stop and tie up right near the center of town and right by a good restaurant, with no walking to get to dinner. It was just what we needed.

Very early the next morning there was a lot of nearby clatter and banging of garbage cans. The restaurant parking lot was close by the boat and a garbage truck was there collecting the restaurant refuse. Darla was already awake and up on deck, so the garbage man called over, “Nice boat.” In response Darla replied, “Nice garbage truck.” You would think her comment might have been just politeness, although a little odd, but it was a nice garbage truck, immaculate, with pin stripes and scroll work on a cream colored background. We never forgot it, or the exchange of comments.

Soon we were underway again with more farm fields and woodlands along the way between the small towns, every one with a lift bridge, or sometimes two, carrying their Main Street across the canal, but there were no more locks until we got to Lockport. Lockport is a big town and a major event in traveling the canal. There are two more lift bridges right before the canal comes to the tandem locks, each lock with a lift of 24.5', lifting the canal over the height of the Niagara Escarpment. The historic five flights of locks from the original canal have been preserved next to the two working locks along with the lock tender's station, now a museum. Lockport also has one of the widest bridges in the

world over the canal in the center of town, and there is an upside down railroad bridge built with supports below to make competing canal shipping more difficult. There is much to do here, but we were traveling through.





Last night celebration.

It was late afternoon when we arrived so once we were through the locks we found a place to tie up and went to eat out and celebrate our last night. After dinner Darla wanted to get a picture of us at the restaurant, of course, and to get it all in she backed up right off the curb into the street before we could stop her. She nearly got hit by traffic but no real harm was done. We did a bit more sightseeing, then boarded the boat and went on. With only 18 miles to Tonawanda, no lift bridges and no more locks, we felt that the marina there would allow a more restful night than busy Lockport, but it made for a long travel day.


Next morning Mary Anne and I took a taxi back to Depew and our car. It was early in the day so we turned north to make a stop at close by Niagara Falls before heading home. On the way we stopped briefly back at the boat in Tonawanda, but Scot and Darla were very busy stepping the mast and re-rigging, getting ready for their trip through Lake



Old and new side by side at Lockport.

Erie, so we did not stay long.

Scot and Darla had traveled for a year and thousands of miles in their sailboat, yet did not seem tired of the adventure when we arrived to accompany them for a mere 170 miles. We had been treated to a most unusual and exciting vacation trip and our friendship with Scot and Darla became strong as a result. We were two couples who had not spent any long stretches of time together, yet we chose to live together for four days continuously in a very confined space. Scot and I knew each other well, at least on a business basis, but Mary Anne and Darla had had only brief social contact. It was a rather brave thing to do, but we got along so well, talked and told stories and laughed a lot at the silliest of things. In a way it seemed like old times when we had never done it before and it was the very best way to experience the Erie Canal.



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Phil Maynard acted as the “Coyote.” We were the refugees. Maybe Tom Sawyer and the picket fence? Phil promised a long cruise around the Bay and on to Isle Au Haut if only we would agree to doing a little work around his Waldeboro, Maine, house. Payback. Other years he had made the same promise but he had allowed us to go sailing first, then work on the house. Didn’t work. He learned that there was often a rash of “honey do” emergency pleas that left him shorthanded when the payback began.

This year was different. He made us slave at clapboard vinyl siding the front face of the house on the first three days of the trip instead of at the end. Every morning he reported it would be foggy, windy, raining or thunderstorms. While breakfasting at Moodies, the best diner, he would tell us that the weather was no good for sailing but was perfect for slave labor. Not until the whole front of the house was renewed did he give us back our cell phones and allow us to listen to the actual weather. But the house looks great and the weather did work out in our favor.

Siding was a fascinating endeavor and Phil had planned every step of the process. At one stage I queried whether there was going to be enough siding to finish the job and Phil said, “Unless the front of the house is bigger than the back.” We made occasional trips to the dump and to nearby hardware stores but no shortages ever slowed the progress of the project. Well planned, as I said.



Mostly using ladders, Kevin MacDonald roared at stripping off the old red cedar clapboards to uncover the wide white pine planks. Up went the scaffolding that Phil had first made for, and used on, other sides of the house in previous years. We assembled it on the front lawn. First went the uprights, held in place by 2”x4” bracing, then we lifted the scaffolding planks to the first level and screwed the uprights into the walls. Last to come were the safety rails to catch hold of anybody who absentmindedly stepped back to admire his work. As the scaffolding went up we all began to daydream of the fun we would have to bring the scaffolding down again. Move cars and boats, then just give it a push. Just think about the glorious sound!

Next we nailed up the tarpaper underlayment and Tyvek house wrap for dampness control, belt and suspenders. In Maine you have to be serious about insulation. Before we could start the actual siding we unrolled and cut thin aluminum sheathing for door and window surrounds. My favorite job. These were cut to rough length and bent on a special brake to shape so they would cover and sheathe the old peeling wood trim, the brake shaped the strips so they could clad the wooden window frames and keep them dry to prevent rotting. Phil fitted them to length and nailed them into the substrate. Then we cut the clapboards to length and nailed them up in place. Each length of siding has two clapboard runs molded into the extrusion and a rounded bottom that snaps into the nailer beneath. For long runs they joined by snap-

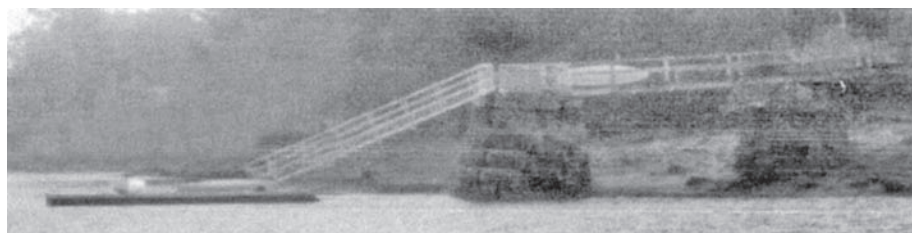
## Penobscot 2015

By Mike Wick  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter TSCA

ping into each other. Of course, we frustrated boat builders had figured we would have to scarf them together with epoxy. That would have meant a lot more time.

Neighbors would stop and admire the project. One lady said that she had repainted her house because she couldn’t find anybody to do the vinyl siding. We groaned when we overheard her telling Phil, envisioning he would never let us get to sea, but we didn’t have to worry, Phil was more anxious than we to get the job done. He wasn’t about to be talked into another siding job, he’d done that over four years and wanted to move on. It was time to finish. I phoned home and Jean admonished, “There’s work to be done on this house, too.”

We survived and the weather for the trip was close to perfect. It was the usual boom tent special crowd, except Doug Oeller had opted for a trip to the Thousand Islands instead. He’ll be back. Phil was in *Curlew*, Kevin in *Little T*, Peter Gottlund in *Nip* and me in *Jackaroo*. John Guidera was with us at the house most nights but was busy sketching and visiting old friends in the mid Maine area when we were sailing.



Now that the work was almost done, we launched at the wonderful public ramp in Rockland and headed up for Eggemoggin Reach on a sunny morning with light wind. As we drove into the launch area I found I had a flat tire on my car, but I left it parked near the ramp to fix when we got back. First things first. We sailed along the north face of North Haven, past Pulpit Harbor, then between Little Spruce Head and Great Spruce and up past Beach Island to anchor at Pond Island. We anchored near sunset as the wind died. A local in his RIB boat came from his nice house on Hog Island and offered us a spare mooring if we wanted better protection, but Phil told him the weather was mild and we were experienced sailors and could handle a sudden emergency. “Pride goes before the fall.”



Phil was lucky, there was no sudden emergency and the second day began early as we folded and stowed our tents and prepared for sea. This takes me some time because most of my camping gear stows in the watertight compartments. They have to be well secured before I dare go to sea. We explored the lovely boats in Bucks Harbor and then headed southwest in Eggemoggin Reach. The passage under the Deer Island Bridge was dramatic and we anchored at Canary Island for lunch.

While we rested, I practiced the setup of my emergency re entry system, a banana shaped fender which hugs alongside, amidships, secured by bow and stern pennants so I could step up and crawl back aboard after an accidental departure. This is an important precaution in the high sided Haven, it had never been such a problem in the lower freeboard melonseeds. I set it up and looked at the cold water and decided that I would delay a full practice run until a more convenient time, not so sure it would work in deep water given my strength and prowess. Better to delay until a day I was grounded on a sandy beach for my first test.

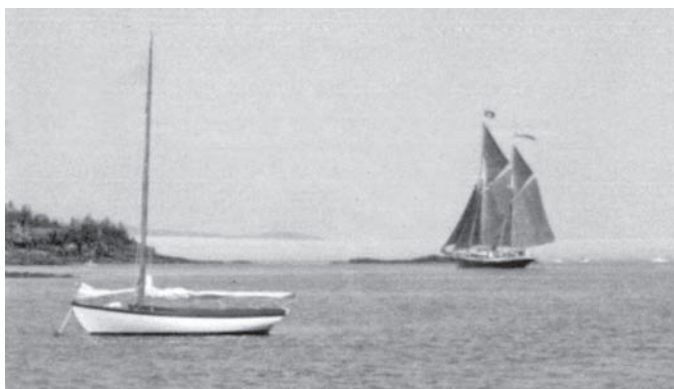
We left the reach for Deer Island Thoroughfare toward Stonington and soon discovered that it isn’t always easy to tell one island from the other when the buoys aren’t nearby. You decide the island over there is “such and such,” but you quickly become confused. Some Good Samaritan should put up signs with the name of each island. Peter was leading at the time and swung wide while

the rest of us cut inside Lazygut and Sheep Islands and stayed close to Whitmore Neck. He found more wind outside than was comfortable and came back into the protection of the inner channel rather than stop to tie in a reef. We were cutting corners, navigating by lobster pot (if there is a pot, there is enough water for our boats). The flaw in this system is that lobstermen are happy to circle their pots around a rock. If you bisect the circle, you may find the rock in the middle.

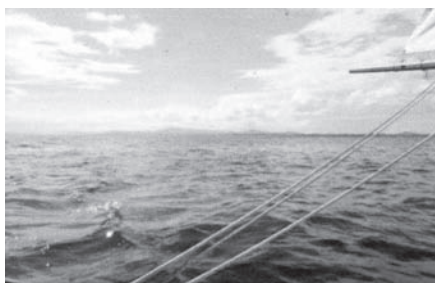
Well, that particular problem didn’t happen to me but another did. I was careless and cut between the main pot and the riser. Phil knew what happened to me when he saw me sailing but not moving, then drop my mainsail. And he was right. The pennant caught in the space between keel and rudder. I deployed my boathook to bring both lobster pots close on either side of the boat. Then the slack pennant sank enough to fall out of the crack and I was free to go. That time, at least, I didn’t have to test my banana boarding system. I decided the whole thing was a confusing situation and that I would go back to my old navigation system, I would criss-cross the channel from buoy to buoy. This way I could read the number on each buoy and there weren’t so many pots in the channel as there were on either side.

Peter and I sailed together while Kevin and Phil went ahead. They were looking for a dock or mooring in Stonington Harbor, but





they found nothing and turned left between Green Island and Crotch Island. They sailed on, searching for the perfect anchorage, but Peter and I were tired and found a good enough spot that suited us. Peter set his anchor and I rafted up to him. Phil motored back to tell us they weren't far away but Peter announced that "his anchor was down and it was going to stay down."



There were two older English design boats moored nearby to keep us company, and they were true eye candy. One double ended ketch and the other a long counter gaff sloop, possibly an Albert Strange design. Peter and I shared a snack of his excellent Lebanese baloney and my cheese and crackers. I offered to rustle up some dinner but he said he was "ready for bed and hoped that I had brought along a good book." I had and I took his hint. His tent went up and he went to sleep. Fifteen hours later, another beautiful day, his tent came down and we shared coffee and breakfast. I was glad to see him rise, I was about to check if he was still breathing.



We found the other pair, not far away, but now we had a problem. Our goal for the trip had been Isle Au Haut, in sight and not more than a couple of miles away, but it was flat calm. We're sailboats. Why should we motor out only to motor back, when our favorite passage was on the way toward home? Fox Island Thoroughfare. Phil pointed out "Isle Au Haut will be there next year." So we headed toward North Haven, same as last year. The passage is a series of cozy coves and harbors off the main channel and you can choose which is most cozy whatever the weather prediction. North Haven has boats to look at, a dinghy dock we can tie to, a snack



shop with ice cream and a real toilet. What more does a dinghy cruiser require.

We sailed away from Stonington and its scenic lighthouse. Our light wind petered out and we motored most of the way across in the calm, but a lovely southerly breeze blew up as we came through the passage, around Widow Island and into Carver Cove. Off engine, up sail, short tacking against wind and tide among a fleet of racing 40 footers, one a Concordia. We were beating through Waterman Cove against a strong tide that increased as we approached the narrows between Iron and Zeke Points. But now there was enough wind so we could stem the tide and then reach along the divide between the two big islands.

The bigger boats made a glorious sight as they passed us, all towing dinghies. It must have been some kind of race rule? One boat had a rigid tender on deck and an inflatable towing behind. Phil and I sailed in company through the town and watched Kevin and Peter make a hard right at Cross Island Ledge and sail down into Southern Harbor. We almost sailed by their little rockbound anchorage just north of Dumpling Island before we sighted them. Penobscot Bay is great small boat country.

We quickly set our anchors in the rock-strewn ground and raced for shoes and wallets. Kevin brought *Little T* around to pick us up and ferry us to the dinghy dock at North Haven town. The dock was crowded but an outboard had just pulled out and we took his place. *Little T* did not loom large in comparison to the tenders of the moored yachts. In the shop we found shade, beer, burgers and ice cream, not great food, the kitchen was closed, but a nice change from our own cooking. We left the catboat at the dock and walked around for a change to let our wobbly feet recover after two days of boating. Life is good.

We weren't long in town but I guess we were tired and unfocused. We tried to maneuver around the dinghy dock and forgot to look up and see that the ramp for the ferry was lower than the top of the catboat mast. She stopped with a twang, but the halyards had taken all the stress. There was no harm done to the rig, *Little T* was still whole. We got back to our boats in time to set up tents and cook a light second supper before dark.

It was a lovely, quiet night and we woke early in another calm morning. We didn't want to motor again but we didn't want to sit around in harbor waiting for breeze. So out came the Honda and we headed for Rockland under power. We had to crab across in a strong northerly set of the tide. Halfway was the gong marking the shipping channel, then it was around Owls Head and into the harbor. Not a breath of wind. Peter recovered *Nip* onto her trailer then took my trailer and recovered *Jackaroo* while I got out my jack and donut tire to go fix my flat. It was 24 hours of delay to get four new tires mounted and the boat ready to travel. Not much happens on a Sunday in Maine.



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My family are Swallows and Amazons addicts. We lived and breathed Arthur Ransome, reading every one of the 12 books. It took nearly a year and we were all a little depressed when we closed the cover on the last one. My daughter wanted to be Nancy Blackett, the sassy, irrepressible heroine of the series. If I am being totally honest, so did I.

It isn't surprising to learn that the character of Nancy Blackett has been the inspiration of generations of British women, much like Nancy Drew here in the US. She is a true feminist. In fact, she is more like a post-feminist as she (as well as her other female cohorts in the S&A books) shows no recognition whatever of gender stereotypes. She simply does whatever is required with bravery and panache.

Having read a few depressing pieces lately in periodicals like this one about the decline of boating, the lack of interest that kids today have for outdoor pursuits and sailing in specific, I was thrilled that my daughter adored it. At 12 she has already owned three sailboats, an Optimist, a Sunfish and a Cape Dory 10. At camp she sails a Pico. My Julia wants to build a boat someday and I bet she will!

Despite sailing on her own, Julia recently informed me she wants us to go camp sailing! If you have a kid that wants to play pirate with you, I advise you to jump on it. We quickly made a list of desirable features for our pirate ship. Knowing in my heart my swashbuckling days were apt to be short, I wanted to be sure the boat would suit me long after I hung up my peg leg and sword. Storage was important. Comfortable thwarts for this pirate was key. I'm not a young terror of the seas any more and I don't want to sit in the bilge. Most of all, the boat needed to accommodate a 12 year old girl and her mom for the occasional overnight.

I pored over designs and kept coming back to Jim Michalak's Lady Bug. Boy, was she cute. I love a gaff rig and I read where Chuck Leinweber said it might make a decent camp sailor! Did I not remember seeing a picture of his Lady Bug in the Texas 200? So I ordered the plans and started in to find a boat builder. I know I should have gone in for building it myself, but I wanted it for my daughter, not my grandchildren!

I pored over boating periodicals, scrolled through websites and waded through boat building advertising. I happened across a website in my target geographical location

## Sailing and Camping in the *Nancy Blackett*

By Diane Tucker

by a builder in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I liked how he described the boats he made. The photos of the boats were just beautiful, the boats built with obvious care. The descriptions of them were simple but lyrical. I was pretty sure I found The One. His name was Greg Hopkins of Nextwave Boat Shop. I emailed. He emailed. I sent plans. We talked on the phone. Without further ado I sent a deposit! I didn't worry about a contract or references or anything. Like the old days in a sense, we did it on a handshake. It was a "telephonic handshake," but still.

So began my almost nightly correspondence with Greg Hopkins. As my husband snored next to me, Greg and I typed back and forth, discussing types of wood, fold out seats for a camping platform and other minutia. Greg documented the build with lots of photos. If a night or two went by when we didn't write, the day seemed out of kilter.

We struggled over the issue of a sleeping platform until Greg solved it in one stroke by suggesting a hammock slung between the thwarts. With no centerboard case in the way, the hammock could be supported by slipping a piece of wood through pockets in either side of the hammock. The wood pieces would fit snugly in a space at the edge of the thwart. Simple and perfect solution! I never would have thought of it. This kind of thing made working and becoming friends with Greg such a pleasure.

The only time he questioned my thoughts was as we picked colors. I wanted Interlux Seafoam Green on the sides and the leeboard to be painted the color of Hollandaise sauce. Being a New Hampshire man, that seemed kind of sissified to him. I couldn't blame him, but this was to be a "girl boat." Greg painted the boat the way we wanted, even mixing the Hollandaise sauce leeboard paint himself.

The day I picked up the boat was so much fun! As I had, Greg had shared the story of our Lady Bug build with his friends. So pickup was like a party where I got to meet all his buddies. What a great group of guys! We got on as though we had known each other forever. Then Ann Hopkins, Greg's wife, turned up. She wanted to see who was

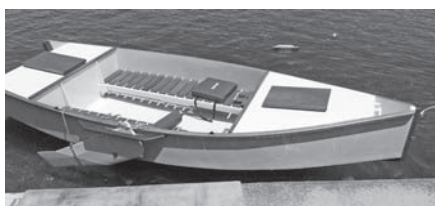
emailing her husband in the small hours! We hit it off the same way Greg and I did and went off to buy pizza and beer together as lunch for the gang.

After a few hours spent rigging the Lady Bug, rerigging and, yes, rigging again, we finally sorted the sail rig out. Lest anyone get worried, the Lady Bug rig is as easy as pie. It was all our fault. Could we have been joking around too much? I couldn't possibly comment. The fellows found that my little homemade Harbor Freight trailer needed some serious adjustment to properly carry the precious 'Bug. They went way above and beyond, essentially rebuilding it. I pretty much had a new trailer! I couldn't be more grateful and I think of those nice men every time I look at it. That's quite a lot since the boat has spent a wonderful summer being sailed almost daily and the trailer is in my driveway waiting for the sad "boats out" time later this fall.

What did we name our Lady Bug? Why, *Nancy Blackett*, of course. The perfect name for a pirate ship built for two aspiring Swallows and Amazons out for some adventures in their sea foam green girl boat.

The big day for camp cruising finally arrived. While my daughter spent a month at sleepaway camp, I repurposed a mosquito netting tent I bought off an army surplus website into a snug, bug free boat tent. I tested our sleeping arrangements, including a hammock I had made. This was to hang between the bench seating in the arrangement ingeniously contrived by Greg. The idea is to sew pockets on either side of the hammock, through which large dowels which usually make up the front edge of the bench are inserted. The dowels are then replaced where they usually sit with the fabric stretching over the cockpit. The system works like a charm and is a very good way to solve the sleeping dilemma on a dinghy. However, I could not figure a way for me to get the hammock perfectly taut between the two benches.

When two of us are to sleep aboard, gravity being what it is, whoever sleeps on a bench is very apt to roll into the hammock alongside her shipmate at some point in the night. With time drawing short, I took a few naps on the benches and decided they would do for the time being without the hammock. Certainly we would get away with it for one night. During my nap time experiments I also learned that sleeping on the sole was very satisfactory, provided a nice mop up was done with a sponge prior to sleep. As a solo camp





cruiser, Ladybug is a good choice, whether sleeping on the sole or in a nifty hammock. For the time being I folded the hammock away for another cruise and started thinking about the rest of our equipment.

The tent was easy to set up. I inserted a few hooks under *Nancy Blackett's* gunnels. Bungee cord went around the cockpit and behind the hooks. Using Byers Tarp Tie-Downs I hooked the mosquito netting under the bungee cording.

Provisioning was vital. We would spend the late afternoon and night aboard with breakfast first thing the following morning. A reasonable, healthful and comforting dinner would be needed, plus snacks and breakfast. In consultation with my First Mate, we decided upon canned tomato soup with toast. We would carry milk for making the soup as well as for tea and for my daughter to have a good glass before bed. Dessert being the most important factor I made sure to have, as the Swallows and Amazons crew did, plenty of chocolate. Breakfast in the morning would be oatmeal with dried cranberries put in, along with mandarin oranges (no scurvy in this woman's navy) and good, hot tea with milk.

I have a wonderful "stores box" I got from John Owens at JO Woodworks down in Texas, another great guy I have had the luck and pleasure to run across since I got the boating bug. I put our Trangia alcohol stove, sporks, mugs, canned goods, baggy with pre made toast, chocolate bars, a box of Cheez-its, tea bags, a baggy of sugar and a thermos of milk in there. Fire blanket and fire extinguisher were in a dry bag to be placed near at hand while cooking. Another dry bag contained the lantern to be hung from the boom inside the tent for pre bed reading. Sleeping bags were set and I had made a nice set of comfy pillows last winter during a blizzard out of Sunbrella fabric that matched the color of the boat. A couple of warm sweatshirts, our pjs and we were ready for adventure.

I worried a bit when considering what might happen in the event of a midnight call

of nature. The Ladybug is a small, open boat. We had a bucket aboard, but on a boat that size a bucket of "effluvia" would be at risk of seriously fouling the cockpit and its inhabitants should something (someone?) "kick the bucket." Another romp through the Army supply catalogue turned up an item called a Wag Bag. Eureka! The Wag Bag goes in the bucket, you go in the Wag Bag. Fancy chemicals in the Bag turn whatever you put in there into a gel like frozen state. You wrap the bag and its now inert contents into the ziplock provided with each Wag Bag and dispose of it all in the first trash bin you see on shore. No fuss, no mess, no smell. These things even come with TP and hand sanitizer.

A lady mariner's sensibilities, as well as those of most gentleman mariners, are safe with a few of these things aboard. You could probably even use the "head," such as it would be, during daylight hours provided no one was nearby. At night, no worries at all! Talk about well provisioned! Better to have and not need than need and not have.

My daughter and I took a lovely late-afternoon cruise before anchoring offshore. Our little Eastport Pram bobbed next to our mooring. We use the pram as a tender to get to *Nancy Blackett* and for rowing for exercise. We kept well away from the mooring, not wanting the two boats to bump one another and keep us awake. Plus, we wanted to lie at anchor, not at the end of a mooring tether which would be sort of like camping out in one's backyard.

Over the summer the *Nancy Blackett* attracted quite a bit of attention. Every sail (which was close to every day) people hailed us with compliments. They loved the color, they loved the sail, but generally they just loved the boat, asking, "What kind IS it?" I had lots of chances to toot the Michalak horn and tell his story. My favorite compliment was, "You and your boat give our lake CLASS!" While anchoring that night

we made sure to give everyone on the lake a chance to see us and watch while we put up our tent. We thought it might be the first time such a thing had been seen there and were proud to add still more cachet to the *Nancy Blackett's* reputation.

The tent went up easily and my daughter pronounced it "cool." Soon we were ready for supper. The hot soup went down a treat and the toast was a comforting addition, just like home. The capacious Michalak bulkheads had swallowed so much gear we couldn't believe it. Though it was hard for us not to overpack, the Ladybug was more than a match for us.

As night fell, we settled in on our benches. They really weren't too bad for sleeping, maybe a tad narrow, but really not bad. We had Thermarest sleeping pads and I've certainly slept in less comfortable quarters. The lamp dangled from the boom. We read our books. It was peaceful and wonderful! And then the fishermen arrived.

Suddenly the water around us was illuminated like a surgical suite. There were boats both port and starboard containing Serious Fishermen. One guy stayed all night. With my head below the level of the gunnel, I didn't notice it much. Julia was more bothered than I, but I think that goes with being nearly 13. One is nearly always a bit bothered at her time of life. Even with the fishing lights I could still see the stars clearly and far better than home in suburbia.

I slept until 8:00. By that time, according to my child, a fleet of kayaks, a man in a shell and a whole new cohort of fisherman had already passed my sleeping figure. We made our breakfast, which tasted fabulous as outdoor breakfasts always do. It was time for a swim and we wriggled into bathing suits below gunnel level lest the fishermen see us. Before we dove over *Nancy Blackett's* side, Julia grinned at me and said, "We HAVE to do this again."



Ladybug is a lot like Woobo, which was one of my first designs. Ladybug is a bit shorter and wider and deeper and has bench seating, much more suited for older legs.

Both boats have small motor wells. The best motor for something like this is the 2hp Johnson/Evinrude which weighs 25lbs. This shape of hull with multichines and a plumb bow seems to be a good all around boat with rough water abilities. I've given Ladybug a

## Ladybug, Sailboat

### The Designer Says...

From Jim Michalak's Boat Plans  
@ Duckworks BBS  
14' x 5.5', 250lbs Empty

keelson and when using power the leeboard should be kept down just enough so its tip drags the water.

Ladybug's hull has the layout I like the best, a 6 1/2' cockpit between two storage/buoyancy boxes. It would be a great solo camping boat. The buoyant wooden spars prevent it from turning turtle.

Some of my favorite boat trip stories take place down a road like this. But until now, anyway, none of them have a scene like this.



I'm pretty sure there was "something else" happening here. When I asked the lady behind the counter about the broom just standing in the middle of the floor, she said, "Oh, that broom? It just walks in here and stands around a lot." No, it isn't hanging from the ceiling, or on a pole. Just "standing there." I asked if I could take the lady's picture and she said "OK." No, I don't remember shaking, or the wind blowing, or anything. But here's what I got. I bought a cup of coffee from a nice lady in this place.



And I met a guy I went to seventh grade with and never knew. He and I were two of the only three humans in a 500 acre campground out watching the Blood Moon change from crimson to eclipse to full as it rose over the trees on the edge of a 90,000 acre forest fire just recently out, standing about 6' above the cracked mud on a set of docks left high and dry by receding lake water.



## Connecting the Dots

By Dan Rogers

No, not in the sunshine, but darker than the inside of a cow. Yep. Quite an adventure. And if it wasn't for this guy (starting motor), I probably wouldn't have even gone.

This story starts out at a woodcarvers' show and ends a few days later, right here. Please let me tell you about it. And, in the time honored fashion, I'll start near the end and work my way forward. Except I will need to go back about eight years first.

I was off on my first major trek around the country towing *Lady Bug*, my road warrior pocket cruiser. We had already covered the puddles and oceans from San Diego to Puget Sound and were, by then, in eastern Washington State. It was a Sunday morning and I had managed to "get lost" down a road that sort of promised to take me from a small puddle named Loon Lake to a real big one called Lake Roosevelt. It was still early and I just sort of pulled in behind a little diner and store where the road promised to get me even lost. This was the summer of 2008. I've never been back until today. It's one of my fondest road trip recollections. Like I said, from eight years ago.

I parked the rig out back with the log trucks. California plates and hull numbers, red sailboat and a big ol' Chevy van. When I went in the place was full of people, about a five table joint, apparently coming from church. Since almost everybody seemed to have their "own" table, I took a "single" one in the corner by the back door. The waitress was obviously busy, and steamed by me several times without stopping. Finally I got eye contact and she screeched to a halt in front of me.

Somewhat surprisingly she blurted out, "You want something?" I answered that I would like to order breakfast, to a quick rejoinder, "Well, you hafta ASK!" Things deteriorated a bit more when she asked me if I wasn't the individual towing the sailboat, now out back of her establishment. Whereupon she went out into the center of the small eating area and announced in her very best "y'all ain't from 'round heah" voice, "See that guy over there in the corner? He's from CAL-I-FORRRRRNIA!"

As it turned out, after I took the opportunity to stand and address the crowd with, "Thanks for welcoming me to your town. And since it's Sunday, would you mind if I face away from the wall?" After that, things went better. In fact, I learned that the waitress had a husband who was 20+ years into building a boat in the barn. She told me some more of her personal history. And I left chortling to myself. Oh yeah. She told me something else that I have reused often.

Just today when I stopped at that same little greasy spoon to buy a cup of coffee and to watch a broom stand alone in the middle of the floor, I started telling the lady behind the counter about my first visit there. I said that my waitress had told me that "behind every successful farmer is a wife with a job in town." That lady's name is Jill. The one in the blurred and crooked picture. The one with the broom that just stands around. Some more dots connected.

Phil is the guy who sort of talked me into making this voyage. Actually, it was my idea first, then when nobody wanted to go, I

dropped it. So a couple days ago I get a message, "I'm on my way to meet up with you at Hunters." A good enough excuse to hook up a boat, toss in some canned goods and clean clothes and head a hundred or so miles over the mountains if there ever was one.

October starts later this week. It's already been below freezing a few nights. This is the same week we did the movable messabout last September. This is my fourth September visit to Hunters, either on scouting trips or actually with a messabout group. I think I can make it official. NOBODY goes there after Labor Day. Empty. Solitary. The lake to myself. Just the thing for next year's September Surprise Mini Cruise, in fact.

Phil and I were talking about just that while having dinner at Hunters' one and only evening eatery. The Hunters Inn is the local dive. But they sell beer and food and we were both tired of what comes out of a can. So up the hill and across the mesa from our quite deserted campground. We had already been out on the lake scouting anchorages and beach camping spots much of the afternoon. And there's a half bazillion of 'em out there. Some of them are pictured on the opposite page

But no matter which way we took ol' *Mobius*, the stinkpot, there was one thing for certain. NO PEOPLE. Just about no boats. And we ran north and south from the base camp, about 100 miles all told. Did I tell you we had it ALL TO OURSELVES? Even the "marina" at the campground had exactly two boats tied up. Phil's and mine.



That heart of gold Chevy six drank around 20 gallons of high test. We gave the place a thorough look around. This is one special place. God willing, this where I expect to spend the THIRD WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 2016, starting with breakfast at Lora's Kitchen and Espresso (which just happens to be in the Hunters Hardware Store). They open up at 10 o'clock on Sundays. Lora said she'll save you a table. Me? I like that one over by the nail bins. Like I was saying.







Phil and I had dinner at the local tavern. He says his enchilada was pretty good. My fettuccini could, and well may have, come out of a can. In fact, I think there is such a can in the locker back in Big Ole, the van. But so what? I think we got to mix with about half of the local population. And on the way out I got the bright idea to stop at the store next door and get an ice cream bar. I remember the guy who holds down the night shift from my last visit(s). Same Army ball cap. Same pleasant manner and quick smile. I'd guess that my ice cream bar had been frozen on at least several occasions. Kinda crumbly. So we headed for outside so as not to make a mess. And wow!

There's this '59 Chevy El Camino tail gate and tail lights sticking out of a garage door just across from where the highway makes a hairpin turn right in the middle of town. Sort of next to the museum and across the road from the biggest tractor collection this side of the John Deere plant, except each and every one of these chuggers are over eligible for social security and packed into a "city lot" or two that may have once been a business or warehouse or who knows what. Tractors, trucks, even a fire engine or two. But it was the Chevy that we decided to go check out. It's dark out now. There's a dim light off to the side of the Camino and I see a broom handle working, apparently by itself. Is a pattern emerging?

After the "universal salutation" that I find useful in these free form expeditions, "Hey guy! Is that the original paint?" A fellow emerged from the shadows.

"Nope, been repainted, once, bought it new." Also in the garage was a WWII baby cat, a vintage Minn' Moline, a collection of make and break engines and a granddaughter. She was on the lower end of the broom handle. Deftly sweeping the floor while apparently not missing a single bon mot via text message. I asked him about the tractors across the road. His, too. Come to find out this is somebody else that I "know" without ever having talked to him. Mick is the guy I sent the pictures to of last September's messabout gang sitting on his tractors, standing amid the ancient iron and generally having a ball.



Mick says there will be a car show the third Sunday in September. And, of course, he'll be there to show off his other rolling stock as well. Sounds like an excellent start for a mini cruise if you ask me! I asked about the museum and, lo and behold, this guy's wife is one of the movers and shakers in an effort to reopen it.



This guy's name is Dale. Phil and I just sort of rafted up with him out in the middle of a 200 mile long lake, the only boats for miles and miles. We had a friendly gam about the things "boys talk about." He invited me over to his house to see his stone masonry and rock houndery. There was implicit assumption that I could also see at least some of his considerable armory. Which brings me to a story that will have to wait to be completed.





This road, I think, leads to Dale's house. After a half mile or so from the highway, just before what looks like the beginning of a steep descent, is a sign with a simple admonition, "No trespassing. Private road for land owners only." Since I was towing a sizeable trailer, I was gonna have to back out to the highway already. And, more to the point, being a Coward of the First Order, I chose not to proceed, at least not today. But, hopefully, again sometime. I had asked Dale if I came back in the spring, would he teach me to fish. He didn't say no.



"An Adventure in a Potter" in the October issue was a cautionary tale that helped me prepare for my last two night trip down the Hudson to just north of Poughkeepsie. This was a conservative substitute for my original plan to sail all the way to Manhattan. To still get to the Big Apple before heading home to California overland, I left *Toy* with the fine people at the Roger's Point Boat Club. A member, Walter, drove me the couple of miles down to the Poughkeepsie rail station. From there it was only \$11 (senior) down to New York City on Metro North. Got to do a bit of messing about on the Staten Island Ferry, too. It's free!

If I had been traveling at a different time of day I could have taken advantage of two outgoing tides and thus pushed on south past Poughkeepsie. However, tides and increasing lack of wind helped me make the decision to land and continue by train.

My first night I hauled out onto a float at a public launching ramp just south of the Kingston-Rhinecliff Bridge. The tide had begun to turn just as I landed and a man and woman rigged a Melon Seed and sailed out onto the blue river in the late afternoon sunshine. There were kayakers, too. I spoke with people interested in my boat and my trip. One asked why a "square" boat? I replied, "a square boat in the water is worth two in the shop." One left and returned with a hot seafood dinner for me just after dark.

Temperatures went down into the 40s but I was warm and snug below in my sleep-

*Toy* at launch at the Kingston/Rhinecliff bridge.



And another thing was weighing a bit on the back burners of my cranium. That pontoon boat of his has significant marks of a reconstruction. Seems he rolled it off the trailer on the mountain road that I was just about to take on my own way home, one of those twisting roads, with significant drop offs and no shoulders. Not my favorite place to be in my ancient van and his original equipment shocks and that near 4,000lb load out back. So hopefully next spring, after Dale goes to collect more rocks in Arizona, I really would like to learn how to catch a walleye.

So it was over the hills and down the valleys and off to that little diner in Springdale, the one with the broom that just stands around and my friend Jill. Next stop, quite unplanned, was that puddle from long ago, Loon Lake. The ramp was pretty deep. The narrow channel out to the lake, not so much. I found myself anchored with the

## Toy on the Hudson

By Derek Van loan

ing bag. Trains rumbled by not far away and hooted through the night on the faraway east bank. I got underway again mid morning, again catching the great gravity powered conveyor belt. The natives before Europeans arrived called the Hudson "The River That Flows Two Ways." Wind on the second day was much lighter but the Huck Finn feeling persisted. How beautiful a sunny day is in one's own tiny boat. The ripples reflected the blue sky and the wind was warm.



Esopus Lighthouse as seen from *Toy*.

There are things only to be seen from a boat on the water. The Esopus Lighthouse, mid river, must have been an awesome residence for the keepers. All along the way I referred to the *Hudson River Book* with photos of everything interesting along both sides

prop down. So I paddled *Mobius* the hundred yards or so out to the lake. We made a high speed run all the way around. You guessed it, nobody else out there. With the gas gauge bouncing on the "E," we clambered back on the trailer. That one was for old time's sake.

One never knows, we may never pass this way again. Do it now. Do it again. It's a big world out there with lots and lots of really nice people in it. Third Sunday in September. Connect some dots.



of this river and descriptions of what I was seeing. Here I learned that the Esopus Lighthouse was built in 1871, and more. I found this little handbook, photographed by my friend Captain Stan Wilcox, with text and editing by my brother, Howard Van Loan, added greatly to the experience. Later, on the train, I again carried the book and was able to match photos with what I was seeing.

Jim at Roger's Point greeted me and other members made me feel most welcome. As it happened I arrived on monthly meeting night, a great advantage to a hungry sailor as the once monthly chicken dinner at \$10 was worth at least double that in value! And a glass of cheap red was only another \$2. Members here were informally convivial. I could not imagine a better spot to spend the night. And the next day, with even lighter winds, I decided not to carry on to Poughkeepsie where I had originally planned to leave *Toy*. Captain Stan drove my car down from Hudson the next day and retrieved *Toy* as I experienced the fleshpots of New York, again a sailor ashore.



On the dock at the Rogers Point YC.

Always a pleasure to be afloat in *Toy*.





At the outset I will tell you that no one was injured in this event and it was quickly brought to a happy ending. Most of you are probably familiar with the Winslow Homer oil painting of "Breezing Up." Well, if one looks at it one will observe a small cat rigged sailboat racing along with a good breeze on its beam. The figures in the painting are of three boys and an old man. Now two of the lads are lounging enjoying the ride and the other is at the tiller keeping the boat on course. In this strong breeze he's got his hands full. The old man is seated in the mid section of this rushing boat holding fast to the main sheet controlling the setting of the billowing sail. I wondered why he wasn't at the tiller? Then, of course, I realized the person on the main sheet can keep the boat heeling where he wants it by pulling in or letting out on the main sheet as the wind dictates. This is where I went wrong.

I was, as the lads were in Homer's painting, lounging as a passenger on my own boat while my adult nephew had control of the main sheet and the tiller. He was tacking back and forth rather well as we were on our way back to the Washington Sailing Marina about a mile away (on the Potomac River near Washington DC). The wind was about 5-10mph. A stronger puff of wind suddenly came and he held tight to the main sheet and over we went, capsized. Now the boat we were in was a Puddle Duck Racer. It's an 8'x4' boat with a single sail. This one, however, was built with a cabin complete with a sliding hatch and a door to close it off (see *Ocean Explorer* at Duckworks Magazine online).

Well, I had left the cabin door and the hatch wide open so the bow of the boat immediately filled with Potomac river water. I, of course, stepped on the dagger board and brought the small craft to an upright position. With no flotation in the bow cabin area the boat floated bow down at the water level offering no chance of bailing. This was my major mistake as even in the plans for building the *Ocean Explorer* the designer warns sailors to keep the hatch and door battened down when underway in any kind of breeze. We both had our life jackets on and the water was warm, so that was not a problem.

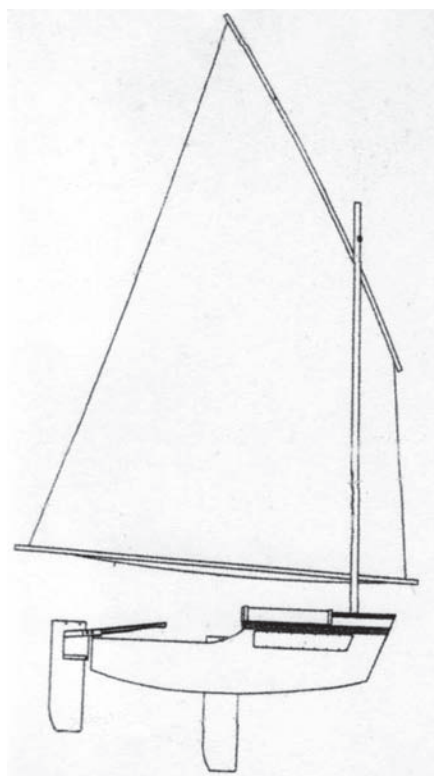
A passing motorboater asked if I wished him to call the harbor police to come to our aid and, of course, I did. The harbor police and other rescue boats (the Coast Guard and fire boats) were stationed in Washington Harbor about three miles away. Just then a motorsailer under power came up and the captain offered to take us aboard and take our boat in tow back to the marina.

Now the impressive part of this event took place. The captain of this boat and his crew of about six went into coordinated action. The captain ( Captain Dana) assigned a crew member to watch us in the water while he maneuvered his boat close to us. He assigned another to remove his safety stanchion lifeline and lower the boarding ladder. Another crewmember passed me a tow line to attach to my boat's bow bracket, then we got aboard his boat with his helping hands. Off we went back toward the dock at the marina. We were given cold bottled water to keep us calm after the capsize ordeal, very thoughtful.

The harbor police boat showed up to check for any injuries which thankfully there were none. The motorsailer was having a tough time towing our partially submerged boat when a Coast Guard boat came

## A Rescue Story

By Marshall Katz



up and offered to take over the tow back to the marina, which they did with military precision. Captain Dana dropped us off at the marina dock and returned to his cruise, which happened to be a team building cruise ordered by the chief of his office for all of its members. I'm sure this was more than they planned but they get an A+ from me. They really worked beautifully as a team. Thank you again, Captain Dana.

Soon after we were dropped off at the dock by Captain Dana, the Coast Guard boat came up towing our boat and set it upright at the marina ramp. I'm sure their main concern was that it was a danger to navigation if not removed from the river quickly. After that was accomplished they were off back to their home dock. I hope none of you ever need the services of the Coast Guard but if you do you will not find help more qualified or polished on the water. It was impressive to see every crew member act as one, each perfect at his assignment given by their captain, even for so insignificant a rescue as ours. They were as serious as if we were a larger event. I was really impressed and very thankful to have them come to help.

The District of Columbia has several fire boats and a small one showed up to quickly help pump out the water in the cabin area and then go on their way. Again, captain and crew working in military order. In a short time I had our little craft secure on its trailer, ready to return home. Now came the hard part, explaining to my wife, who questions my sanity for taking such a small boat out on the water anyway, what had happened. I could really use some help here!

Since this event I have added positive flotation in the bow cabin area and have installed a permanent bilge pump ready for instant action. Oh yes, when underway now, the cabin hatch is shut. If there is ever another capsize the cabin area should stay dry and above water. It should be quick work to pump out the cockpit area. I think I'd better practice this near the dock just to see.

I want to really express my appreciation and thanks for the private and professional help I received. May I be so helpful when others need help on land or water. Thank you.

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## Gray Fleets

The Navy is playing chicken with the Russians in the Black Sea. Additional US ships are on exercises off the Russian border as a reminder that they simply cannot run havoc in the region without consequences. The *USS Porter* (DDG-73) has been sent from its home port of Rota, Spain, to the Black Sea to join *USS Carney* (DDG-64) and other destroyers. The 6th Fleet announced that this group is CTF-64 and will continue to operate with other countries, including the Ukraine.

Russia sent flagship *Moscow*, six *Krivak* class guided missile frigates, several surveillance ships and a pair of amphibious assault ships into the eastern Mediterranean for "live fire exercise" and anti aircraft practice.

The Russian Navy has commenced bombardment of Syrian rebels, loudly maintaining they are attacking ISIS targets when they clearly are hitting forces opposing President Hassan that are supported by NATO (read that, "The US"). Our Navy has ordered additional ships into the region, including a carrier group to support the rebels. So we have Russian planes and ships fighting in the same region where US planes and ships are fighting, albeit for opposing groups. My belief is that between the time this is written the time you read it there will be an "incident" between America and Russia.

The Navy's Report to Congress on Navy Force Structure and Shipbuilding was released and it failed to make the *New York Times* bestseller list. FY2016 should see the addition of four new battle force ships including two DDG Aegis destroyers, three littoral combat ships (LCS and LPD) and an oiler. No, the mathematics do not add up correctly, but what do you expect from the DOD?

In a recent "Beyond the Horizon" I reported that James Cameron's underwater vehicle that was used in the discovery and filming of *Titanic* was burned in a truck fire. Originally it was a research vessel for Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Now Woods Hole has a brand new, fresh off the rack research vessel, the *R/V Neil Armstrong*. This ship was procured by the US Navy for coastal and deep sea research operating under contract with oceanographic organizations. Woods Hole possesses the initial contract for work in the Atlantic. *R/V Neil Armstrong's* sister ship, the *R/V Sally Ride*, operates in the Pacific currently under the auspices of Scripps's Oceanographic Institute of the University of California San Diego.

The *Naval Institute Proceedings* recently published an insightful perspective on unmanned submarine building, policy for use and potential weaponry. The Defense Department's four services all possess and will continue to acquire unmanned (I suppose that term is politically incorrect) vehicles. UUVs ranging from the size of a model airplane to a jet fighter are in use throughout the world and drones are making headlines in the Middle East.

The Surface Warfare element of the Navy has a myriad of unmanned vehicles, but the submariners are looking very hard at tactical and strategic unmanned underwater subs. They posit that such a vessel would be very small, hardly much bigger than an over-weight torpedo and very stealthy. Size alone gives them a tremendous advantage, but high tech propulsion systems use alternating buoyancy making them virtually silent. Such a weapon could sneak into any port and slam sink just about anything it wanted. Fur-



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

thermore, because of the low cost, dozens of these things could be placed along a nation's seaboard as the ultimate seawall against any shipping into or out of the enemy ports.

I thought those tee shirts that read "Old Navy" were advertisements for a clothing store. Now I am beginning to think it refers to the concept of carriers, cruisers and submarines. Evidently I served in the Old Navy.

The *USS Theodore Roosevelt* is leaving the Middle East with no replacement in sight. The *USS Harry Truman* was supposed to be the replacement for aerial attacks against ISIS, but the *Truman* has run into a plethora of problems and an overall lack of crew training. Interestingly, the *Truman* is a substitute for the *USS Eisenhower* whose refit is taking much longer than anticipated. Meanwhile the Carl Vinson Carrier Task Force was released from Central Command to fill in for the *Roosevelt* until another carrier is available. The Vinson CTF is now assigned to the 5th Fleet. Whatever. Who's on first?

Russia sent shivers down the Pentagon spines when it fired 26 SSN-30A missiles into Syria, not so much because they fired on resurgents fighting President Hassan but that the missiles were fired from a very small 1,000-ton ship. The attacking ships were *Dagestan*, *Grad Sviyazhsk*, *Veliky* and *Uglich*. *Dagestan* is a mere 335', 1,900-ton *Gepard* class frigate while the other three were tiny 200' *Buyan* class missile boats displacing 950 tons. Clearly the Pentagon was unready for that kind of firepower from the Russians. The US has no ships in its arsenal that are that small which pack that much power.

## Commercial Ships

Kenyan authorities raided a car carrier owned by a Norwegian company, Hoegh Autoliner, on its way from Mumbai. The ship was searched for drugs and weapons on a tip from Sea Intelligence. The ship is being detained in Mombasa.

Authorities in Peru raided the gas carrier *Hispania Spirit* and found 211 kilos of cocaine. Ongoing intelligence operations are marking suspected transports that are believed to be hauling drugs and weapons along with their regular cargoes.

Seaspan accepted the eighth 10,000 ton container ship from a Chinese shipbuilder. Maersk has chartered the *Maersk Guayaquil* for five years. Seaspan is doing approximately \$6 billion USD business annually.

Vroon, a Dutch shipping company, announced the keel laying for a seventh livestock carrier built by Cosco's Guandong Shipyard in China. This ship will sail with the name *Gudali Express*. The ship has surpassed all of Australia's stringent animal safety requirements. The high tech design of the bow creates significant fuel savings, furthermore, 4,500sm of cargo space and an 18,00nm range makes these outstanding animal carriers. The new ship joins sister ship *Greyman Express*.

Asian cruise company Genting Hong Kong has purchased a majority stake in the Lloyd Werft shipbuilding operation that will expedite launching cruise liners for Crystal Cruises. Genting will own 70% of the ship building operation and 50% of the Bremerhaven shipyard. Lloyd Werft is noted for building luxury yachts, polar class vessels, and river cruise liners.

F.W. Bertling Chartering and Management, based in Singapore, signed a service agreement for seven ships from Radio Holland, an Intech Marine subsidiary. F.W. Bertling is itself owned by Bertling, a German company that already has leases on 21 Radio Holland cargo carriers.

## Small Boats and Stuff

A trip to Barnes and Noble will reveal a boatload of boating magazines that are oriented toward a multitude of niches; luxury yachts, small boats, motorboats, wooden boats, etc. If the reader is like this writer, you subscribe to several. My table, to the consternation of the Commander in Chief of the *USS Regan House*, is littered with *Messing About in Boats*, *Small Craft Advisor*, *Sail*, *Wooden Boat*, *Shallow Water Sailing* and catalogs from West Marine, Hamilton Marine, Fisheries Supplies and Sailright.

*Sail* magazine is an important, high gloss rag printed for the upper crusts who feel an internal need to flash around the bay in yachts far beyond the fiscal means of mere mortals. Seriously, who would pay \$500,000 for a used 40' Leopard or 2006 Island Packet 440, to say nothing about a \$1.1 million for a five year old Lagoon? Those people don't drink Pabst Blue Ribbon around the bars that allow me entrance.

*Sail* has a mass of senior, executive, contributing and technical editors. It has a publisher, a marketing director, sales directors, operations managers and advertising directors throughout the world. *Sail* is a subsidiary of the Aim Marine Group that publishes no less than 52 magazines on subjects including log built homes, horse and equestrian themes, bodybuilding, yoga, boxing, skiing, backpacking and you name it. AIM has a plethora of general managers, group directors, marketing folks, business managers, circulation managers, etc, etc, etc.

But we cannot stop here. AIM Marine is just one of a number of entities owned by Active Interest Media with its own CEO, (Efrem Zimbalist III for those of you who remember Zimbalist I and II), president, senior VP and a mess of other vice presidents. Active Interest Media runs boat shows, rodeos, events, videos and other magazines not under the AIM umbrella.

The point is a simple one. There is a herd of people making million dollar or upper six figure incomes in the business. No wonder magazine subscriptions are so costly. Just consider the amount of advertising West Marine pays for each year. No wonder their supplies are so darned expensive. I am not opposed to capitalism or to slick magazines, however, I tend to appreciate *MAIB* a lot more. Thank you, but I shall ply the waters with my beloved *Genny Sea* (West Wight Potter 15) and read about your adventures in a simpler tome.

New Zealand's racing yachts in the America's Cup Series knocked boat design and sailing on its ear when they introduced foils, wings, virtually solid sails and canting keels. Watching boats sail twice as fast as the



wind picks at dormant brain cells lying idle since high school physics class. Yes, sails do act as wings that create lift, and yes you can get enough lift to raise the boat to a height that only a little peg of a wing remains in the water.

Now the concept has drifted down to small boats. *Sail* magazine featured a 23' scow levitating with only a little board and rudder touching the water. They also showed a small Laser with a Glide Free foiling rudder and daggerboard. These boats hit some fantastic speeds that make one wonder if crash helmets will be the next required piece of safety equipment.

### Yachts

A super yacht smacked a reef off Mykonos, Greece, and sank between Platis Gialos and Psarrou islands. The Ferretti Custom Line Navetta 33 died quietly in crystal clear water but all guests had been quickly evacuated. Photos on Greek television showed only the tip of the bow above water and an interesting underwater scene of the ship sinking.

75,000 visitors from 65 countries arrived at the European Fine Art Fair to discover that among the paintings, ceramics and antiques was an added new twist, Super Yachts. Five Dutch super yachts from the HISWA Holland Yachting Group exhibited examples from Amels, Feadship, Heesen Yachts, Oceanco and Royal Huisman with intention of getting people to think about design, luxury and Holland. I think my Louise Kelly watercolor would probably fit nicely in the boiler room. Maybe I could trade it in for a mere view of the "art" from a distance.

### White Fleets

Cruise lines directly pumped a record \$21 billion in the US economy last year, that marked a healthy 16% rise since 2010. The overall impact on the American economy was over \$46 billion. The Big White Boats employ 300,000 plus people for \$19 billion in wages and salaries. Eleven million passengers boarded from US ports. While Florida remains unsurpassed in terms of cruise money, California showed a marked increase in people leaving from their ports.

A Norwegian Cruise Lines mammoth cruise ship docked in Hamburg. While this seems pretty unimportant, it is worthy of noting that the *Norwegian Escape* is among the worlds largest cruise liners at a 1069' length and a beam of 136', weighing a portly 169,000 tons. In perspective, the *USS Iowa*, American's largest battleship, was 980' long and displaced 55,000 tons. The *Norwegian Escape* is larger than an aircraft carrier. A battleship or a carrier was not built for comfort and luxury. 4,200 passengers will sail the warm waters of the Caribbean.

The *Portland Spirit*, a 150' tourist boat that handles about 450 guests on three decks and serves outstanding food while cruising around the Portland waterways, steamed into an area usually used by recreational boaters. The 360 ton sightseeing boat could not stop quite as fast as desired and "a transfer of paint" occurred according to her captain. People in the small craft pushed off using their feet and hands but no actual collisions happened.

The county sheriff's patrol boat surrounded the *Portland Spirit* and escorted it to appropriate areas. The Coast Guard posited that the organizers of the event held on the boat failed to contact authorities about entering the area. Red Bull Flugtag, sponsor of the event, was held responsible due to lack of

coordination and disruption of vessel operations in the river. Red Bull's event permit was promptly revoked.

Cruise line industries are dealing with common theft and robbery on board their ships. Recently John Ali Radwan was arrested for theft when he befriended Ian Sinishalli at the hot tub. The latter placed his pants near the tub, but upon leaving discovered that \$500 in cash had been lifted from a pocket. This particular crime was on the *Liberty of the Seas*, a Royal Caribbean Cruise ship. A review of security video clearly showed Radwan pilfering the cash. This was the third arrest for John Ali Radwan, who has a lengthy list of bad behavior. Since 2014 he has enjoyed the acquaintance of law enforcement agencies for credit card fraud, possession of cocaine and cannabis, tampering with evidence and possession of controlled substances without a prescription.

A Palm Desert, California, woman was a passenger on Seabourn Cruises' *Seabourn Quest*, but went missing on September 11, 2015. Wendy Portman Lewis and her husband Douglas were vacationing off the Atlantic Coast and were on a ten day Canadian cruise when the incident happened. Her body was discovered by the Rockport, Massachusetts, harbormaster off Boston near Cape Ann several hours after the report of her absence. The ship was bound for Bar Harbor so Essex County officials started an investigation that was immediately taken over by the FBI. Their initial statements indicated that Mrs Lewis was not killed due to injury but the death remains under investigation. The Lewis couple own a high end jewelry business in California. Their ads indicate that they sell diamonds and other gems up to 55 carats.

Royal Caribbean's *Splendour of the Seas* caught fire while cruising the Mediterranean. The blaze was contained in one of the two engine rooms but smoke injured 20 passengers who were evacuated. The fire itself took two hours to control and caused the ship to bypass Agrostoli, Greece (time tables must be maintained!). *Splendour of the Seas* continued to Venice, Italy, as part of the seven day vacation cruise.

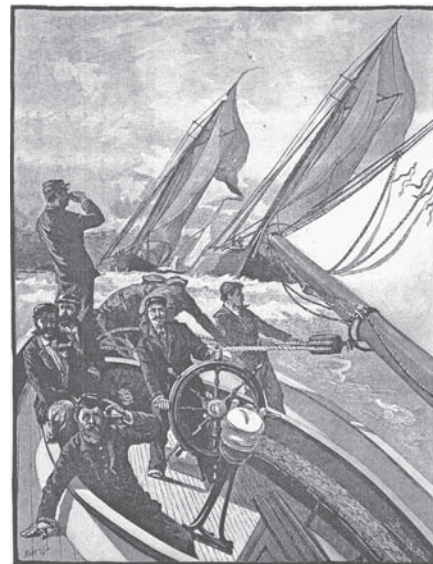
### Accidents and Building

Two were killed and seven others were injured in a fire at Daewoo Shipbuilding and Marine Engineering (DSME) when a fire sparked by a welder in Drydock #8 erupted into a major fire aboard the hull of a LPG ship under construction. Thirty eight other workers were unhurt but the condition of the hull or the dry dock is unknown.

Daewoo, Hyundai Heavy Industries and Samsung Heavy Industries shut down as 28,000 workers went on strike for higher wages. Unfortunately the three shipbuilders lost \$4 billion in Q2 of this year with management pointing fingers at the workers ongoing demands and the union indicating bad management. The companies have been in negotiations since July. DSME announced the resignations of 13 executives while HHI released 31% of its senior staff. This is the first time that the three corporations have had simultaneous losses and the first time that all three shipbuilders were struck at the same time.

The *Foxhound*, a Filipino flagged cargo ship, sank in the Bismark Sea just off the coast of Lae, Papua New Guinea (site of an early Navy battle against Japan in WWII). The crew sent distress signals prior to abandoning the ship in life rafts. The survivors were rescued by

Cosco's *Shanghai*, a Chinese container ship, but were held for eight days on deck without proper clothes, communications or general care until *Shanghai* arrived in Australia. The International Transport Federation condemned these failures as inhuman. Neither Cosco nor the Chinese responded to the charges.



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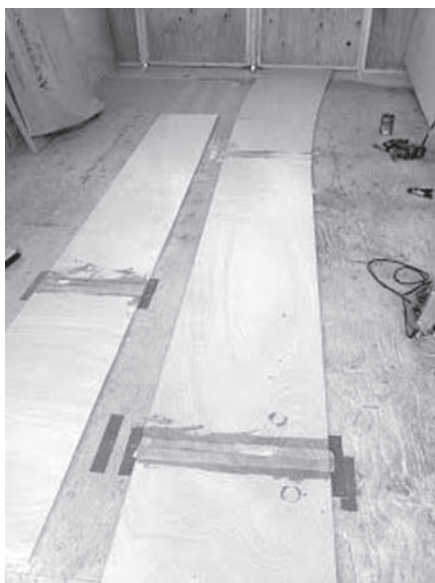
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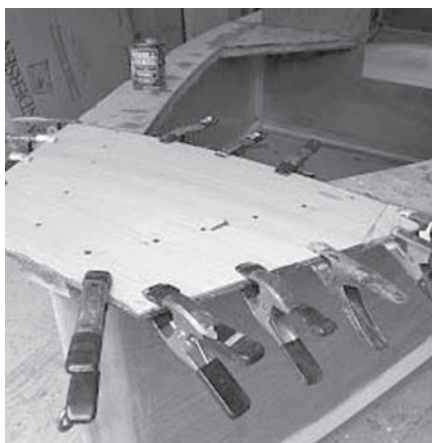
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## Grub... A Camp Aboard Skiff A Lighter, Roomier *Grinder*

By Tom David

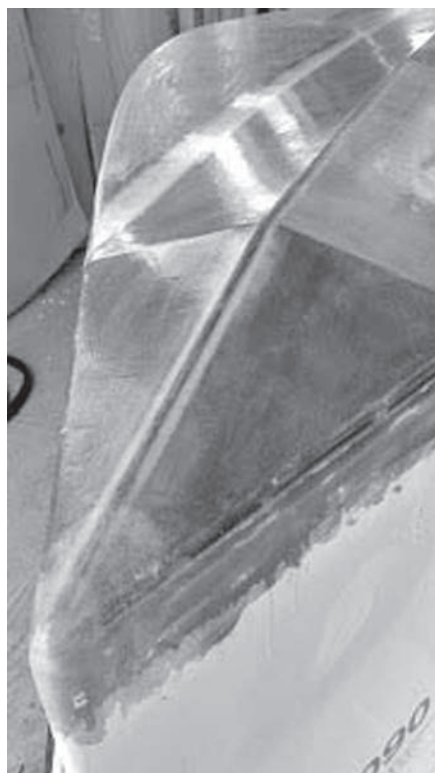
I built *Bantam* and *Grinder*, both modified Phil Bolger designs. *Grinder* turned out very well but I thought I could do better. My idea was to build a boat similar to *Grinder* but much lighter, with a different profile and a bit longer cabin. Since a flat bottom boat gains efficiency as it loses weight, I wanted to try a smaller engine that needed less battery, all okoume construction, a laminated  $\frac{3}{4}$ " hull and get rid of the heavy shoe Phil had on the clam skiff. I changed the sheer line to something I liked, eliminated the raised coaming of *Grinder* and added an extended gunwale to stop spray and provide a walkway and seating all around the boat. The construction pretty much follows the method I used on *Grinder*. Here are some build photos.



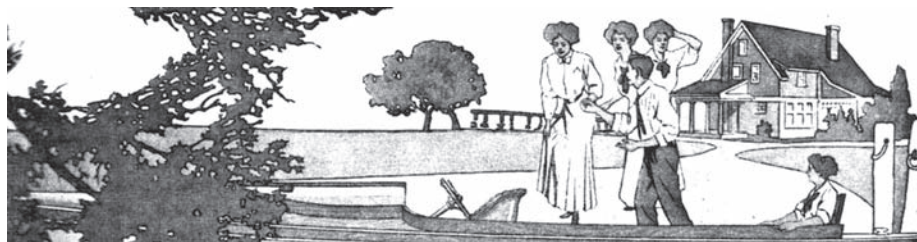
The engine is a 30hp Tohatsu EFI four stroke with both pull start and electric start capability so I could do without a backup battery. The prop is a four blade 10"x9". In place of Phil's  $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x16" shoe in the center of the hull bottom, I used twin  $1\frac{3}{4}$ " skegs. This turned out not to be enough to stop a disturbing "bump and wiggle" hull flexing when underway.

My immediate fix was a cross batten mid hull in the cabin, which solved the worst flex, but I still was not happy. I wanted stiffness, but not weight, so I took the cabin off after the first season, turned the boat over and put a keel on. The photos will help explain. It's made of leftover  $\frac{3}{8}$ " okoume,  $1\frac{3}{4}$ " high and 16" wide. Adding the keel completely stopped the annoying bottom flexing. It also had a remarkable effect on the sound and behavior of *Grub*. Pounding, with the associated noise, is so reduced it seems like a different boat. My brother has started an AF4 build and I am recommending a similar keel.





*Grub* gets on plane at 3400rpm and 9 to 10 knots, and will get to 22 knots WOT. It will loaf along at 5 knots at 2,000rpm very quietly. I'll be working on the cabin enclosure over the winter with hopes to take another Erie Canal trip in company with *Grinder* and the new AF4 called *Big Shot*. Interested readers can view *Grub* in action at: <https://vimeo.com/142729292>.



## Chapter 2.1

OK. The gloves are coming off. It's time to start getting serious. Winter is just around the corner. Today we changed the formula and the focus. Sure, it'll be a good idea to stop that infernal leak. Yep, I still think a dip in the bathtub now and then to check trim and stuff like that will be a good idea. But it's time to pull this little girl into the shop, close the doors around her and get to Franken-building. As I often lament, there is only so much Winter Building Season to go around.

I have every intention of taking a finished and seaworthy *Miss Kathleen* to her first dance in early March. That would be the second annual Drizzle Cruise over Puget Sound way. At minimum that will require sea trials of some sort around here in February. It's the middle of September right now. Assuming some shop down time for making stuff for Christmas, that doesn't even require all the fingers on one hand to count the months until my planned launch time.

At this morning's staff meeting, the Planning Department guys insisted that it shouldn't take me more than a couple hours to get a building cart together. And I suppose they were right. It really **SHOULDN'T** have, but by the time I made it into town and to the lumber yard and back and started, half the day shift was over already. It was literally dinner time before we had the trailer parked and ready to take off to storage. Things looked about like this.



All I gotta say is that is one really big hull to expect to manhandle around by myself. But somehow we balance and roll and sit pretty level. Next came the shell game I play every Building Season, often many times.

All the stuff that is inside the shop and in the way has to go someplace else while I put the hull inside and make sure there is ample space to walk all around and not trip on stuff.



The first refugees were shuffled hither and yon during the night shift. Somehow, there is about a half dozen outboard motors

## The Birthing of *Miss Kathleen*

By Dan Rogers

of varying size, age and value still hanging along the side wall. There is also about a ton of spare parts, a complete GM in line six and a complete Mercruiser outdrive on rolling pallets, two band saws and a really heavy bench to find "alternate accommodations" before she can roll the whole way inside the shop. At quittin' time tonight we looked a lot like this, with some rather largish pieces parked where my car would rather spend the night.



There's more, way more, where that came from. I did manage to get the hull and building cart pushed and shoved most of the way inside the service bay. Still a lot of stuff to move around. She's such a **BIG** girl! Soon to be a pretty one.

## Chapter 2.2

We build it on the fly types have one thing in common. We do a lot of daydreaming and I think the real reason we don't have a plan is that there really isn't a plan. That's both the curse and the joy of this kind of work. This is new stuff we're making. Even if maybe somewhere else in the world somebody else has tried to do/build/fix/invent whatever it is, **IT'S STILL NEW TO US**. So I guess the best way to get to that destination without a plan is to already to have been there a few times.

There I was out in the shop. I think I had come out to dump the kitchen trash barrel into the cans I try to remember to take out to the road on Sunday nights so the guy who backs that big compactor truck down the hill on Monday mornings will have something to put in his rig and something to put in his little ledger sheet so the nice lady in the trash company office will have something to send a bill for. I think that is why I was out there. At least that's probably what I told Kate I was going out there for.

Truth be told, all through dinner I had been unsuccessfully trying to get several curves, a couple of flat planes on slight slopes and a couple ovals to come together in some sort of satisfying combination. By the time I was clearing the table and loading the dishwasher this mental projection had morphed from something by Matisse to something by Jackson Pollack. Things were sliding out of scale and proportion. Time to put the image back onto the original canvas, so to speak.

So there I was standing off the starboard side of the hull that will one day bear those curves and planes and ovals. *Miss Kathleen*

will need to not only be beautiful and curvy, she will need to be built in only a couple three months from the starting point of a somewhat damaged hull with really good bones. It would be good, indeed, to get it right the first time. This is a boat that will, hopefully, be plying waters at and north of 48° north latitude. This is also a boat that will be expected to provide on the water comfort and security after Thanksgiving and before Memorial Day. And judging by how much resistance I've been getting from my hands and wrists and fingers over the idea of holding sanders and grinders and pushing complaining sticks of hardwood wood through whining saw blades of late, this could be my "last big one." Granted, the makers of Motrin and Ace Wraps are still cheering me on. Anyhow, I'm trying to get this one right. And as close to right the first time as I can.

In order to convey what the basic problem is, I've discovered a picture of a boat I've never seen to match up with a boat nobody else will ever see.



On a foundation that looks just like this. Today at least. See, all them curves and planes and ovals just fall into place. Time to get to making sawdust, noise and a few usable parts.



And then, suddenly, a totally vital piece of this pie just sorta dropped in my lap. Just this minute. No thunder claps. No voices from upstairs like, "Dan! This is God! Build me a commuter launch!" Nothing like that at all. But ever since this project popped onto the screen I've been trying to figure out how I was going to get the cabin sides "right." There's a lot of curving and sloping going on. Without the skills of a real boat builder anyplace on my crew. Without the relative advantage of a real boat designer who can figure out real angles and real curves and get them to agree with the waterline and the arcane practice of making things "fair," I was in a real stew. Until just this minute. Zappppp...

So here's the epiphany. I'll mount the stanchions on pivot bolts. Those bolts will be mounted to the angled and sloping and cambered deck at appropriate intervals. That way, when the stanchions are all in place, I can "fair" them with a batten, top to bottom,



side to side, corner to corner until my eyes bug out. And when one side is finally “right,” I should be able to set the other one up by measuring from a centerline reference. Now ain’t that cool?

Then I’ll make the two sections of coach roof “to order.” And that, my friends, will likely be done with the Lucas Foam and Glass method, lightweight, strong, modifiable and probably waterproof. Wow.

I can hardly wait until that boring, already figured out cabin sole is in. It’s almost enough to put on a third shift and just keep on keeping on. Well, almost.

## Chapter 2.3

Ahhh, nothing like the sound of a Sawzall biting into rotted plywood to make the ol’ heart skip a beat, eh? Sometimes there’s just no other way to get to the bottom of things and we’re about as low as we can go with this particular excavation, right down to the basement. I don’t have any way to know how often or how full this poor hull had been loaded with water and ice. Probably more than several times over her past lives. Three quarter ply doesn’t just turn to dust and flakes without a fair amount of disrespect. This is a collection of some of the bigger chunks that came out of the bilge. Probably as much went into the dust collector.



The Boss came out to check on progress. Mostly he wanted to check out the rolling dust collector cart I ginned up earlier on the night shift. He was pretty impressed. I guess you could say that he signed off on it.



So, after a few more hours’ worth of quality time with the Sawzall, it’s now time to get some more pleasant memories in the log book with my grinder and maybe even the collection of burr balls.

Just to put this in scale, the keel stub/bilge sump is north of 4’ long and 1’ deep. That’s an 8’2”x6” propped up to do some location in space work for setting the new cabin sole. And just as soon as I can get the grinding crew to climb down in there, again, we’ll get that rubberized goo peeled back and the sky side of my keel bottom patch cleaned up and ready for another go at sealing it off. Today seems like a good day to figure out how to make a new place to stand on and to start getting serious about locating things like berths and thunder mug and other essentials.



It’s a couple feet from the old sole level all the way to the ground floor. Lotsa room for getting more headroom under the wheelhouse roof that you may see clearly, or is it only in my imagination? Or perhaps that ain’t quite so obvious yet. Before much else can happen, that floor has to go from imagination to something a bit more weight bearing.

It’ll be something that sits on something that looks like this. There’s a total of four of ‘em from front to back. The front one will be where the berth foundation starts, with the wheelhouse sole covering the rest of it on aft. I leveled the end ones by measuring down from the now removed cockpit sole. The two middle ones were leveled with the good ol’ fashioned cement leveling method I learned a million years ago floating concrete sidewalks. So even if it doesn’t quite line up with the horizon, it should at least be in a flat plane and parallel with the remaining cockpit sole. Something like that.



Speaking of concrete, I think I’ll wall the sump off fore and aft and pour ballast mud into the outboard bilge sections, or something like that. This is starting to get interesting. And, unfortunately, messy and loud and dirty. This next piece took a whole lot of cutting, and grinding, cussing and groaning. The Boss said I could put it out for bids. And believe me, I’d gladly sub something like this

out. But, like most of the rest of this job, it went to the lowest bidder. Me.

All those old, rotted, but well tabbed to



the hull web frames had to be removed. I’m pretty sure that at least one of the leaks that haven’t been stopped yet is because of the end grain of rotted plywood transmitting water from a pin hole in the 4’x1’ patch. Anyhow, what looks pretty peaceful now has managed to cover the shop and adjoining garage and, of course, Kate’s black Lexus with white powder. Kind of a big oops. Next up, I have to wait for my next transcontinental shipment of Super’pox from Miss Cindy at the world headquarters of Duckworks BBS. This chasm needs to be sealed as best it can. That means a plethora of ‘pox and glass. And obviously ribs and floor plates have to wait.

Then, those sole supports (“floor joists?”) can be glued in place and then finally back to getting stuff done. This is about five gallons of chips and splinters that I swept up from the sump, the big chunks got flung over the rail.

Just a few of the precision instruments



that my team of skilled grinders and sawyers employ on delicate jobs like this one. But ya know what? I think I’m now willing to accept a high bid. Those are some kinda nasty working conditions.



## Chapter 2.4

I just came from the morning staff meeting. The Boss breezed through on his way to his customary spot. Seems like he's completely delegated this Frankenbuilding project to me. His current focus is to supervise the deer visiting the feeder in front of "his" window, there, off the dining room. That, and he's pretty worked up over a wandering band of wild turkeys that have started showing up for three squares courtesy of the migratory birds who tend to be pretty careless with the seeds I put out for them in the bird feeders. The Boss does offer his opinion of those rather voracious, "Thanksgiving centerpieces" roving all over the place. But mostly, otherwise, he keeps his opinions to himself. For that, the rest of the crew is pretty thankful. I guess he's happy with our progress so far.



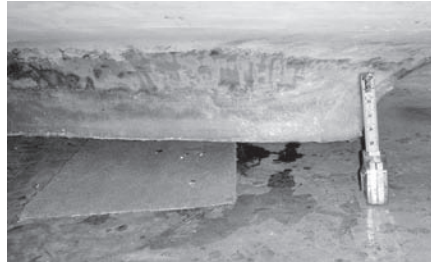
But, those Planning Department guys came in with a really off the wall suggestion this morning. They said, "Hey. Whatif?..." The rest of it kinda got drowned out in a short burst tirade from The Boss. I think he figured those damn turkeys should either show up for a shift out in the shop or move on. I think that's what he was trying to tell the rest of us. So I didn't really get it down in actual Planning Department Notes. I'll just have to summarize.

Today is Tuesday. I do have to stay clean for a mid morning appointment in town but after that most anything could be on the agenda. The PD guys were pretty sure this would all fit. And maybe? If I can get the exhaust blower installation completed that I started on the night shift, then maybe the rest of this stuff will work out. It's a kinda big list but if we can do'er then we just might be able to make another leak test by Friday. Minus some more appointments on Thursday and Saturday. More "staying clean." And I've gotta tell you, staying clean is tough for some of us.

If my 'pox order shows up today from WWHQ, DWBBS I can get the bilge sump glassed over and then painted. Then, after the rest of the bilge area is painted, I can rough fit the cabin sole. If this leak test turns out successful and I find more leaks then it wouldn't be too smart to have already glued and screwed the floor down. Once that floor business is put to bed for the moment, I can lift the hull right where it sits.



I'll have to get it as high up as possible so I can pull the cart out and crawl under to get that keel stub smoothed, glazed, faired, sanded, ground and painted. It still looks pretty rough as only The Boss is short enough to actually get under there right now. And well, he's The Boss, ain't gonna' get HIS paws dirty with all that peon level work down there. So I've gotta get things a lot higher off the ground.



Then we can get the bottom quick-painted, a few more trailer mods dreamed up, tried, retrieved and set aside, then I'm pretty sure that ol' leak test can come off by the weekend. Except there is the pretty good possibility that I will take a couple of days off and go for an overnight expedition with *Mobius*, the stinkpot. Just one more last trip of the season. It's beginning to look like The Boss is going to have to authorize more OT, doesn't it?

Time to see if we can get something done and stay clean all at the same time. Schedules can sure get in the way of plans.

## Chapter 2.5

The Boss is a man of few words but he does seem to get his point across. We were out on our morning Inspection Tour and I was rambling on about how I was going to have to make a bunch of things happen in short order to get *Miss Kathleen* back into the water to see if she was still leaking through the bottom of my big ol' patch where I cut the former keel off and started the process of turning her into a motor launch. The Boss looked at me with something between disdain and pity and then demonstrated a bit a marksmanship on the flower bed. Ahhhhh, you mean?

So that's what I did, just took a coffee can of water and poured the whole thing into the bottom of the bilge sump. After a few hours there wasn't a puddle on the shop floor. And, in the best scientific manner I could think of, I sponged out the water and just about refilled the can to its original level. I do think I have finally failed a leak test. 'Bout time.

And in the half day that I was testing for leaks, there was simply nothing I could think of to be working on down in the bilge. So I hooked little *Punkin' Seed* up and we went down to the launch ramp. It was a sunny morning, about 70°, light wind outta the north east west south as happens in light conditions on a hill surrounded lake. But there was absolutely NOBODY on the ramp, in the parking lot or on the lake for that matter. We just had the whole place to ourselves. I suppose that's why God made Labor Day.



Labor Day is that great dividing line. The day before LD was a scene of chaos and crowding. Trucks and trailers lined up to launch and recover. People swimming off the beach, fishing from the dock. The day after, a scene of quiet contemplation and refinement. Now, at the end of September, a scene of complete solitude. And if it wasn't for The Boss' timely remarks I'd be working away back in the shop. Instead, there I was, out sailing across a quite empty lake. But I wasn't just loafing around on a work day. Nosirree, I actually had some "builder's trials" to conduct. The last time *Punkin' Seed* was in the water was when I sailed her from the Toledo boat show display docks to the launch ramp and started for home way back in July.



The wind was up a bit on that slog and my then latest "improvement" included a sloop rig, a sloop rig that had never been tested in anything above 5kts of wind. Suddenly I had the definite feeling that the rig could come toppling down on my head without much further discussion. I was going to need spreaders and a backstay if I ever expected that jib to do its part effectively. Kind of a big disappointment.



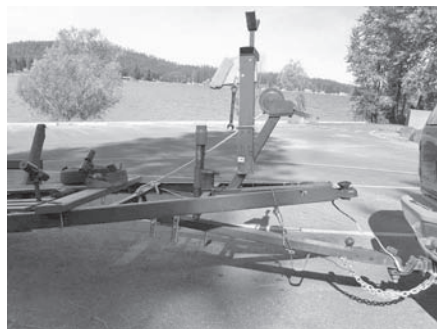
Once home, the mast step migrated back to the original spot, shrouds moved forward to the original chainplates, cleats and sheet leads came flying off. And presto, she was a catboat again. Just like Mr "L" designed her, in obvious point of fact. I guess ol' Glen actually knew what he was drawing about after all.

Well sorta, we don't point quite so well and speed and acceleration in the light stuff is less good. But it certainly is another case



of where simplification and adding lightness have probably trumped over complexity and not lighter. And I will admit that it was pretty nice to just sit back by the tiller and zone out. No jib to trim. No tangle of sheets to leap out and grab me by the ankle.

I also got to check out one of my other too cool for school mods to that little trailer, the one that raises the front so the rear can dip under water without making the water any deeper or the trailer any longer. That seemed to work just fine. Just a nice day on the water by myself.



Meanwhile, the day crew got *Miss Kathleen's* bilge painted. They added another half rib up forward and went to the lumber yard and brought home some  $\frac{3}{4}$ " MDO and cut it up for the base layer of cabin sole. There will likely be a layer of something prettier laid over the top sooner or later. When I got home The Boss took me out to the shop to show me what those guys got done while I was out playing. It seemed like they had it pretty well in hand, so I took the rest of the day off and even took Kate out for dinner.



## Chapter 2.6

It's been a whopper of a morning staff meeting here at the Frankenpalace. I think we got started at about zero five. It's now about 10:30. I guess it's because I took a few hours off yesterday to go sailing. Seems like everybody had something to add or subtract or change or wonder about. We've all been to meetings like that. But now that the "leaking thing" is sort of put to bed, it's all about the NEXT PHASE. If only we could agree on what and how and when that is all supposed to take place.

Now that the guys got a floor laid in what will soon be a wheelhouse or head compartment or galley or berthing area, you begin to see how this is devolving, it's obviously time to start inventing some sort of roof. Or roofs. And windows. And skylights. And doors. And stuff we ain't even thought of yet.

Last night I sort of took it easy. Kate and I were off at our regular Wednesday night dine out with a gang of Diamond Lake and Newport locals. We actually do this every

week, at a different emporium of epicurean delights, usually someplace in about a ten mile circle of home. I managed to get a seat at the long table across from my friend Sam, the structural genius. I was telling Sam about how this Frankenbuild project was coming along and how the next step was to start inventing a roof. I told him about how The Lucas makes just about everything from tooth brush racks to hockey rinks out of foam and 'glass. I went on to complain about how much this was gonna cost to make a whole cabin out of 'pox, even at the bargain basement prices Miss Cindy assures me that I get from her people at the World Headquarters of Duckworks Boat Building Supply. It's gonna be one big glop of gooeyness.

Of course Sam had "an idea." About an hour later my dinner was still getting cold(er) in front of me. But I was some kinda jazzed. All Sam said, was, "Whatif? Whatif you used PAPER?" Paper, huh? So we talked about sheer strength, glue bonds, grain boundaries and moduli of just about everything you can think about. And I guess that's pretty much why my morning meeting has gone on and on and on.



We all crowded around the table. It was so intense, the coffee pot went ignored for about the first hour. Heck, I was still in my bathrobe until about ten. Scribbles on a napkin. Lots and lots of hand waving in the air with confident grins followed by lots and lots of "huhuhdon'tgonnawork's." About five trips out to the shop in slippers and robe. Tape measures scattered all around with pencils set down and lost. Framing squares and straight edges propped up and clamped helter skelter. Intense, I tell you!



Of course the ergonomic guys wanted to know how much headroom this contraption was going to afford. The seamanship consultants wanted to know where the helm station was supposed to fit, along with whether the Captain would have his cushy helm seat. The style guys were all over the map with curves and flats and questions about how this thing was going to work with the deck contours and whether it would complement the sheerline. Soooooooo many questions.

Now it's going on lunch time and there hasn't been a lick of real work out in that shop so far today. Not yet anyway. But maybe we can let the recording secretary get the minutes brought up to speed. Maybe we can take a break for a while, call Sam and see what he has to say. And I gotta read up on adhesives and foam and, of course, PAPER. I'll let you know what I figure out. Er, um, what WE figure out, that is.

So now that it's about time to knock off the night shift, I'm reminded of a couple basic truths. One comes from my days as a leadership and management training guru. "You must know the difference between urgent and important." This, seen through the lens of a paramount veracity. "Boats and boat building by logical extension are not a matter of life or death." Certainly not. They are much more important than that!

And as luck would have it, today has been consumed by the "urgent" things on my list. Appointments, commitments, obligations and mostly overdue tasks. And, as everybody knows, tasks can take up a great deal more time than allocated. So it goes. For example, this is the load of boat parts that had started to accumulate in a spot not exactly "authorized" for such an accumulation. Sure, I immediately thought of a good use for each and every chunk just as soon as I delivered them to the transfer station.



I did manage to make a few test specimens with foam and paper and glue. As far as holding things together until they are glassed, this looks like a jumping off point. As a paintable shell, not so much. And I did, of course, spend several hours making and rejecting mockups. We visual types do need our mockups. So the next step is to start converting mental images into stuff that gets glued, shaped, glassed and painted. Hopefully, tomorrow. Hey. This is gonna be soooooooo cool...



## Chapter 3.1

A time of pondering. Progress at the Frankenwerks has been a bit limited. I spent a long weekend off towing *Mobius* the stink-pot to and from a couple of days' exploration of Lake Roosevelt. Then, for no particular reason, I ran off to the east of here for yet another "last day of the season" with the same boat.

At one point, I hooked her up to Alice the tractor and somewhat reluctantly began the winterizing process.



We were even across the road and more or less installed in winter quarters out in the trees. But that's a bit of a hard sell with daytime temps nudging 80° the past several days. So we may actually see our way to delay some more dungeon work by delaying boat building with a little boat boating. In the meantime, things are getting done on *Miss Kathleen*.



For instance, that huge cavern up forward has finally seen the light of day for the very first time. I went ahead and cut some more cockpit sides away to allow me access to where the V-berth, and a foredeck hatch, and maybe even the head will sprout soon. If nothing else, this boat is getting progressively lighter with all the demolition going on.

In a sort of now you see it, now you don't, here is the new cabin sole and the old cavern doorway. Then, through the courtesy of Sawzall artistry, it went poof.



It was such a tight hole originally, I hadn't even gone in there yet. All the old paint had peeled and made a "snow drift" of the stuff. Kinda spookey in there until I cut it open.

Then, after quite literally hours of pondering, mock ups and swinging cats in various orbits. I finally hit on a scheme to continue with the foundation the still only imaginary wheelhouse will occupy. So, even with the likely interruptions to run off and put boats in the water, this could start shaping up quite most scratchee.

The key to this current genius at work moment is the half dozen little brackets that stand like fence posts around the old cockpit lip.



These simple little chunks of plywood will determine the height, the angle and the thickness and especially curvature of the wheelhouse foundation. Next step is to start building that same foundation to meet up with these little genius brackets.

First Shift tomorrow will dream up the next step. I bet it's something that involves rubber gloves and sticky runny stuff.

This is all about creating a hat section stringer/beam/support/bulkhead thing that will slope inward at about 2° from the vertical. It's also supposed to complement the deck curves already in place. It needs to be stuck down well enough that the cabin sitting directly on it doesn't go flying off on its own volition. And, biggest challenge of all, it needs to remain flat on top while mating with a deck that rises over a foot in eight. That, and I can only sort of guess which way the waterline will lean away from the stem post when all this stuff is sitting in the water. A number of challenges yet to meet.



Actually, First Shift decided that we could go do a bit more fall boating and took the morning off to put *Mobius* back in the water and go raise a bit more "particular hell." The water was smooth, the leaves just turned and the companionship quite superb. So good old Second Shift got to finish their own problem. And I'm getting pretty enthused about the prospects.

I have also been experiencing some small delays while experimenting with several different types of stickum. There are two different kinds of spray adhesive in there, one that manages to melt the foam. I got some foam panel glue in tubes that I can use with my pneumatic tube squeezer to save some of the tattered remainder of tendons and stuff called connective tissue in my hands. But the best stuff does still seem to be the Lucas-approved PL Premium. So, prior to doing some more precision work with my two fisted Surform (cheese grater thingie), I painfully laid a bead of PL all around the base of these edifices with a mondo tube of PL and manual tube squeezer.



The beads are to give the next up layer(s) of glass something to go from vertical to horizontal over. The Real Guys call this a fillet. The RGs use expensive and toxic and really messy 'pox with really expensive and (I'm all out of it and none is on order according to the Supply Department) specialized little balloons for this job. Me? I use PL and a rounded over stick. Sometimes it works pretty well. Sometimes.



As soon as the PL gets a bit harder I'll get the foam shaped up. There are a couple of more steps in this dream it up as it goes process. The glass should become this hat section thing formed over the foam. Then I'll (probably) embed a cut to fit plywood cap to accept the screws that will anchor the top assembly. And, some 1/4" plywood will get glued up to the sidewalls to allow for the decorative staves to be stapled and glued on as a sort of final touch. Stuff still to figure out.

In the meantime, Sam and Jim and I are off to attend a lecture. We boys are gonna go get edified. But truth be told, I really don't think Second Shift is going to get much of this work done until I get back home. Just a hunch.

## Chapter 3.2

Getting just a bit ahead of ourselves can be a good thing for the soul. But how we do the current step is based a lot on how we're gonna do the next step. So it should all work out. There's this voice that I almost never hear at the Frankenwerk morning staff meetings. Let's call that voice the one of reason. Anyhow, he piped up today and laid the whole complexity thing bare. All he said was, "Just use the foam cutter you borrowed from Sam to make the tooling, TO MAKE THE TOOLING." Then he went back to doodling on his placemat. Kate's gonna be some kinda upset when she sees what he did to that placemat. But all of a sudden we've got a real good picture of how to get this curved and tapered and rounded and cambered top together. "Make the tooling to make the tooling," he said. Wow. Brilliant.

Of course, like with every far flung operation, the rest of the assemblage had to offer their opinions, observations and, of course, cautions. The Yeahbutts were the first to point out the basic fly in this particular ointment. The first tool is always the hardest part for this particular bandsaw operator. Seems I almost always miss the mark and have to shape things with a belt sander and serendipity. But Mr Reason piped up again and simply put the whole outfit to shame with, "Soooooo, go slow, be careful and don't be afraid to do it over if you don't like it." What a guy, huh?

So the meeting went on for a while. But this is what we've got so far. The lid will need to run for about 9'-10' fore and aft. It will need a "pleasing" amount of camber. It needs to be about 6' across at the rear, and down to about 4 1/2' at the nose. The nose and rear roundings should complement each other. The nose rounding is still waiting on a rather vigorous discussion between the future operator and the Style Department. It would look a lot better to have a center post in the windshield with a "pleasing" angle between the sections that meet the deck in a "pleasing" curve. The ops guy insists that he'd just as soon not have to look past that centerpost while standing his helm watches. I did point out that the '49 Chevys had center posts to deal with the then paucity of curved glass in the automotive world. But I also had to agree that the '53s with their no post windshields were a lot easier to look out of. That discussion goes on and on.

The real geewhizz moment comes when you visualize how this whole thing can and should come together. First off, I'll have to build a strongback to work on, probably on the floor, to allow for getting to the centerline

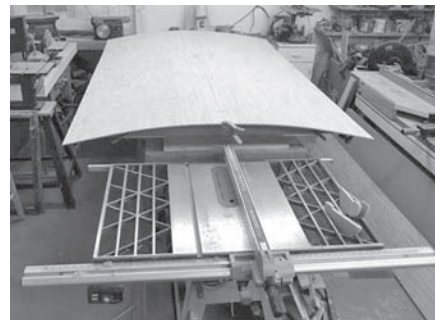
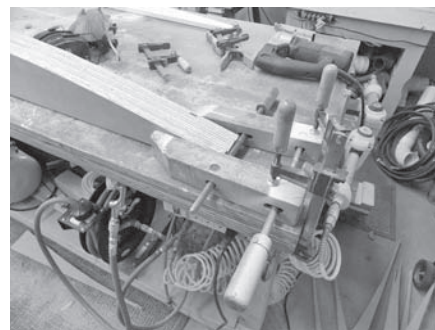
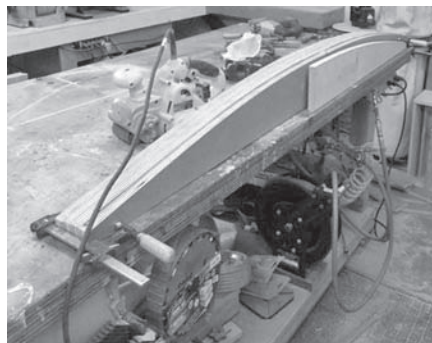
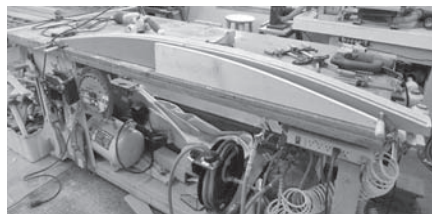
easy. There is a job for a tick stick to locate the three dimensional perimeter. Mr JW calls 'em something else, like "tiddly winks" 'er somethin' like that. Anyhow, the tick stick will then relocate the "pleasing" curvature from the foundation arc to the cabin lid.



Then I'll have to go slow and careful and make a PAIR of curved forms in plywood that will make the cutting guides for 2" foam on edge forms to be cut with Sam's genius wire setup. When I have "enough" of these forms, the concave side will be mounted on the strongback with the perimeter set up with the tick stick, from the tick board, now set in exactly the same point in space on the strongback that it started out on the boat. Sort of an "in loco parentis" thing if I ever heard of one. But the foam cutting boys insist that it's just a piece of cake. Unlike last time I hope!



Each of these internal forms had to stay with the top last time and, truth be told, they were all a little different from each other and different end to end. Like to drive me crazy!



This is sort of how I did it last time. Too heavy and not quite the right amount of "pleasing curvature." It did turn out OK. Just not quite good enough.



Once the convex forms are set up to a "pleasing" arrangement, I'll have to convince a collection of styro coffee cups all squished into a 1" sheet to lay down and stay put in the form(s). Next in, should be a layer of 1/8" ply that should (SHOULD) stay glued and sort of even out the gonna be lower side of this thing. It should also hold a bunch of styro sheet pieces together, as it's real hard to get a 6'x10' out of a 4'x8' without some serious prestidigitation.

Then thin, bullnosed cedar strips will glue down to the ply (door skin) interface. And this brings us rapidly to the next genius discovery. The "waste" side of the form tool, to be made outa 2" foam, becomes the presser squisher former thingie(s). This is to hopefully allow for not having a nailing point for the strips. Just a glue and squish model.

Then, depending upon how much spring back we get, the whole shebang gets flipped over and either glassed over with the latest (safe to put on your Cheerios) Duckypoxy, or



armoured with multiple layers of the really heavy kraft paper that I just happen to have a gigantic roll of, or covered with plywood and paint on the top.

All while still (HOPEFULLY) in the strongback/building form. I really do hope Mr Reason continues to show up at the planning sessions. With him around things just seem a whole lot more reasonable. KnowwhatImean?

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## Chapter 3.3

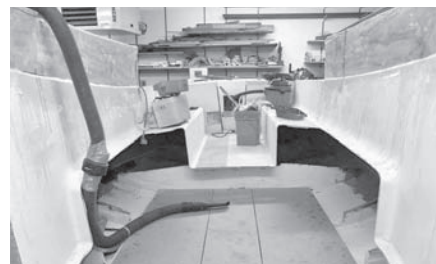
Time to clean up, put stuff away and get ready for the next phase. The night shift just knocked off and reports that the cabin foundations are hell for stout. And I think they are.



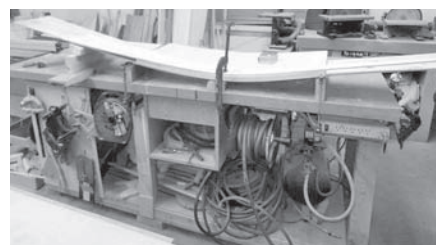
In the truest belt and suspenders tradition, we've got a foundation that would probably hold up the house that only weighs a few pounds. Mostly foam, a layer of 1/4" plywood, a bunch of glue and a pretty heavy set of layers of 18oz biaxial cloth and 'pox to hold it all in place on the outside and lighter stuff inside.



The (future) cabin spaces have been more or less cleared for installing stuff. But the next phase is to get "done" with some more of the messy stuff, big piece assemblies, that really need to get together before the snow flies and it's time to get the shop closed up.



After about an hour on the phone with Sam, the foam fabrication genius, I think I have an even better plan for getting the cabin coachroof cambered and all those other "erd's." Soooooooooo.



The search for that "pleasing" camber, and the tooling to make it happen, is next up. Tally hooooooooooooo...

(To Be Continued)

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Steve Brookman is going to live here in a couple of years when he retires. This place is way up on the northern coast of Maine. His wife, god bless her, said that they could get the old farm house with a giant heated shop for him to play in. When I gave him a bunch of crap about it he reminded me that this beautiful spot is frozen solid and under 30' of snow eight months of the year. Why do we all have a cross to bear? Why can't he have this place just like this picture all the time, maybe in the next life.



Howard's Texas Sled got its motor pulled and is headed to the dump. This is a good example of how you can't let boats just sit unused. This was a beautiful boat, plywood and glassed all over but it sat covered but unused for about five years. You've probably noticed that some of us like to make 'um but not use 'um. This one was in the water three times for a total of about two hours. It had a lot of sealed compartments that accumulated moisture which, as you know, will find its way into microscopic openings. The hull is now a giant rotten mess. The motor is getting switched over to a Boston Whaler.



OK guys, here's the deal, there's a big old time village in St Petersburg, Florida, that's building a boat shop. It's coming along nicely but like all this kind of stuff they need more money. A big part of the shop is dedicated to Clark Mills, the designer of several popular small boats, including the Snipe. I normally ignore this kind of thing, figuring that they'll just blow my money on rum and wild women instead of letting me do it. However, this request came from our boatnut buddy Michael Jones who needs all the help he can get so I may send him some.

More importantly, the reason I met my wife of many, many years is directly attributable to Clark Mills. In the early '70's I bought the plans for a Snipe from the boat store on Betty Lane in Clearwater that Clark was associated with. As a result of that I did

# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

indeed build a Snipe and used it to give sailing lessons at the Tampa Sailing Squad to any cute single girl who applied, never did get around to any men or boys. Helen came along for a sail wearing a little purple polka dot bikini and snagged me before I knew what had hit me. I guess that's worth \$250 to help a shop with his stuff displayed. Here are some sites to log onto for more info: Heritage Village pictures [search-q=heritage+village+largo&tbn=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0CE4QsARqFQoTCJb96N7SkMgCFcb](http://search-q=heritage+village+largo&tbn=isch&tbo=u&source=univ&sa=X&ved=0CE4QsARqFQoTCJb96N7SkMgCFcb) Heritage Village video 98225360

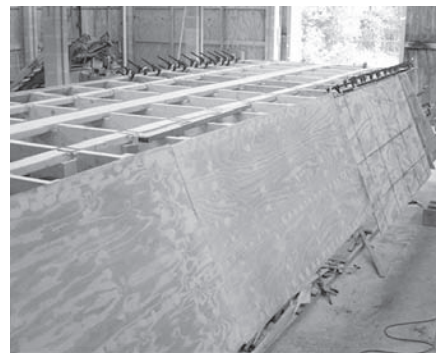


Fland and Brenda took the *Bad Seed* to the Ft DeSoto Messabout. The weather sucked but cleared up a little in the afternoon. He still maintains that this is the best little boat ever built, it's the foam hull Cortez melon that all of you dumb asses didn't jump all over when I told you that it was for sale cheap. It was another one of those giveaway priced boats I tell you about once in a while. You should know by now that if I say it's a giveaway, it's a giveaway.



Scott Hitt wants nothing more than to have a big shallow draft motorboat to go to the Keys and hang out Jimmy Buffett style. He even looks and sounds a little like Jimmy before he got old. Scott has two major prob-

lems holding his dreams up, he can't afford to build the boat and live without a job and having a job cuts into his building time. He's at that point in life where he thinks he knows what he wants but the golden ring is just out of reach at the moment. He's one guy who'll get it done in the not too distant future.



This email from our Swiss Boatnut reminds us that things happen in other parts of the world other than swarms of refugees and bankrupt countries. I do worry about Hugh Horton seeing this because one of his Bufflehead sailing canoes is featured and you know what happens to any of us if we get recognized as doing something good, we may explode. Axel is a boat builder and likes to play with his boats, I doubt if he's getting rich at either.

Hell, look at me, I've been sending you this stuff for ten years and all I ever got from any of you is bad advice and old crappy boats. No, I take that back, you guys know better than to give anyone advice about anything, I love to see what some of you say when someone does ask for it, you're usually wrong. The only advice that I completely agree with is the guy who said that the best varnish is white paint. Oh sorry, I got off the subject.

"I can't tell you how I do enjoy your reports. This is to tell you that I am back from the 5th International Segelkriterium, a sailing canoe regatta in the north of Bremen, Germany, with my sailing canoe *Artemis*, 3rd place overall, reefed... which is not that bad. 1st and 2nd went to crazy folding canoe sailors with 3 sails and ugly outriggers. The start was delayed, because they were not ready with rigging in time. We had more than 20 boats at the start. The only requirement is that they are canoes and can be paddled for a good distance. So, trimarans, catamarans and other ugly concoctions are not ruled out. The regatta is hosted by the Canoe Club Hanseat, which has some tradition in canoe sailing. Some boats in the race were about 80 years old, open wood and canvas canoes with a 5sqm gaff or lug. Koos, a dutch International Moth sailor, observed the event and has made a small video. I am sure you will like the weather. [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_uIb6QYvVGm](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_uIb6QYvVGm).

A flickr photo spread is at the bottom of that page: <https://smallboatadventurer.wordpress.com/>

I know that you are still on the quest for the perfect boat. Attached is a photo from my summer holiday, sailing & paddling from Rijeka to Dubrovnik in the Adriatic Sea, 485 km in 12 days. Terrific journey. Very hot, very intense, uninhabited islands and empty beaches. Lived and slept in the boat, under a tarp, during the whole trip. Needed a few days in Dubrovnik



to relax and to cure about 150 mosquito bites. All the best, Axel”

Check out these videos of Axel and crew sailing in the old country.



Summer is finally starting to make its exit here in Florida, nothing you Yankees would recognize as cooler, it's 89° instead of 93° and the low gets all the way down to 73° at night. We really have been doing things out in the shop for the last couple of months but not a whole lot. Howard's been rebuilding his motor again after I broke it, Sandy's playing with his little canoes, Jim has no big project started yet but he manages to find things to do, his wife has him refinishing furniture, never let them know you need something to do. Stan's still trying to find the leak in his Junk, Steve's trying to set the record for how long a guy can get by doing exactly what he wants to do and I have been killing myself finishing *Lurlyne*.



But the high speed performance is definitely lacking. After much discussion and figuring we've come to the conclusion that the best fix to get her down and running smoothly is to add a 3' box to each side of the motor to extend the hull back to the original hull design that John Atkins called for. I'll use these boxes like Ron Johnson did when he built his boat, he made steps out of them so his fat old man body could get in and out of the boat.



That's exactly what I need. The first time I climbed up into the boat from the water I thought of Pat and realized that he really knew what he was doing, you would think that at some point I'd learn. I can get 27mph with this Mercury 60 four stroke and the terrible hull angle, I'm looking for 35mph when I get it right. If you feel compelled to offer advice on how I can set this current arrangement up to do what I want, be advised that we've probably already tried it.



Another 16' melonseed fanatic, Fland Sharp and his sweetie Brenda, love this boat that Jim built and say it's the best small sailboat ever. Brenda is the real sailor here and likes to hotrod and scare her man whenever she can. You really have to sail one of these things to understand what we mean. I've sailed just about everything there is and this is the one that puts the biggest grin on my face. I hope to see Fland and Brenda at Cedar Key in May with some of us other melonheads. Kevin Lott and his all black menace has already booked a suite at Island Place.



Here's another crazy man, Steve Brookman and his 16 with its giant sail. Steve and Richard Honan were building their melonseeds at about the same time and my only advice to them was "go for a big sail and you'll never be sorry." Being a jet pilot and Corvette owner, Steve took me at my word big time. Steve thinks like Brenda, these are really fun, kick ass little boats.



Crazy Steve was going home one day and came across these three boys floating down our river in a canoe and kayak. The canoe was half full of water with all three of them in it towing the kayak. Steve stopped to check on them and learned that they had somehow managed to make it two miles down the Manatee river and then three miles up our river on an all day teenage boy outing. Sounds familiar doesn't it, who among us hasn't been there, done that?

It was now five o'clock and they were dead tired and didn't know what to do so Steve pulled them to his dock, bailed the boats out, lashed them on his boat and took them back to where they had started out. Did they learn anything? Probably not.



Here are our docks a few days later. This is what 3" of rain will do, I can't imagine 12".



We have a new "project" boat here at the shop. As you know, we get a lot of offers of free boats needing a little work and don't usually even consider them or, as Steve likes to say, "get the hell out of here." This one is different, it'll be something any of us can work on if we need something to do. It belongs to our friend Gene Koblick who managed to get too old in body but not in mind. This boat has a history. It's a boat designed and built back about 1960 by Morgan Embroden in Southern California. Gene helped with some of the build and did tank testing of the hull. This was Embroden's first design to be produced in some numbers, it's 19' 8" long and is called the Windjammer Class.



This is how the boat looked when we got it home, it didn't look this good when we first saw it sitting out in a field buried up to the trailer frame in mud. It had been sitting there for about ten years. Notice the front tire, it was slapping and bouncing all the way home at 10mph. Luckily it was a short trip



that seemed to take forever, how long can you hold your breath. So why in the world would anyone his right mind ever dream of hauling this thing home?



There's more to this boat than meets the eye. Howard and I saw the potential right off, it's taking a little longer for some of the other guys. First off this is a really solid boat. The glass is in great condition and as smooth as a new boat. It's really beamy with a shallow cockpit and narrow cabin top. The reason is because it's designed and built to be an ocean going blue water sailer.

The rigging and hardware are overbuilt to handle the stresses of long ocean voyages. Waves could crash over the boat and the water would drain away instantly through a wide slot that goes into the well that holds the outboard motor. The small cabin top and curved sides offer little resistance to wave action. The long bowsprit is held securely with massive hardware and check out that rudder. I think the one feature that got Howard is the cool taffrail around the back. Gene says that the long keel is all you need most of the time but for going hard to weather it has a centerboard built into the keel.



We didn't know all this at first but then Gene told us some of the history of the boat. He's owned it from the beginning in the early '60s and has sailed it all up and down the West coast from Baja to Canada AND he sailed it to Hawaii and back. The more we inspect things the more impressed we are.

Most of the wood will need to be replaced and I haven't been inside the cabin yet but I think a good clean out and clean up will do wonders. We'll keep Gene's name of *First Born* since it was the first of its kind but we've been calling it our "go to Cuba" boat 'cause I told the guys that when it's finished we're all going to take a trip to Cuba in it. That idea sounds much better after happy hour. It may actually end up with one of you guys, we'll see.

I'll finish up with this shot of one of our favorite guys on a kayak trip on the lower Rio Grande River. I wonder if it's fresh water here or backed up salt water from the ocean. I don't know how he does it, Chuck the Duck of Duckworks online magazine and store is always on the go doing the things we all dream about doing if we didn't like our own beds so much. Those rocks look really lumpy to sleep on and the grass is probably full of bugs, hey a man has to know his limitations. I guess you could say that I am along with him in a way, Chuck's wearing my hat.



It started in the summer of 1963. My friend Warren and I worked summer jobs and the money was good. Before going back to college we talked about buying a boat we could use for fishing at the Jersey shore. I could put racks on my Volvo and we could cartop it wherever we wanted to go. So we went shopping.

We found just what we needed, a slightly used MFG Car Top Fisherman, a one piece pressure molded fiberglass trihedral hull, 12'1" long, beam of 52", weighing 110lbs. We paid the asking price of \$110, then bought a new Johnson 9.9 outboard and we were ready to go. We used it to fish the waters around Sandy Hook, New Jersey, even launching it through the surf. When Warren wasn't available there were other friends who wanted to fish and were willing to get the boat on and off the top of my car. By the next summer Warren and I were ready for an adventure.

After our summer jobs we deserved a break. Warren had a trailer by then so we towed the MFG for a camping trip to Moosehead Lake in Maine. We decided to do it again the following summer for a memorable trip to the Thousand Islands. By the summer of 1966 things changed. Warren graduated college and, before going into the army, bailed on me and got married.

I continued to use the MFG, plenty of friends were willing to come with me. When Warren returned from the service I had taken a job in Atlantic City and took the boat with me. There was plenty of water and lots of

## Our Dingy

By Jack Mizrahi



opportunity to use the boat and that is what I did. Then I discovered motorcycle enduros and my Yamaha replaced the MFG while I made a fool of myself for several years running into trees. The MFG languished in my mother's garage.

Warren, in the meantime, started a family, a career and moved to Great Neck on the north shore of Long Island. By the late '70s he was ready to get back on the water. He bought a sailboat, joined a local yacht club and needed a way to get back and forth to the boat.

That was when the MFG Car Top Fisherman became the *Dingy*. I took it to Great Neck for Warren to use and didn't see it for years.

I didn't worry about the boat. I knew Warren would take good care of it. In the '80s the Johnson died and was replaced by an Evinrude. The *Dingy* needed work along the way and Warren was up for it. He filled the middle V of the trihedral hull with foam and fiberglass to make a flat floor (MFG made this a standard feature shortly after we bought the boat.) He raised the seats by 4" again with foam and fiberglass. A new rub rail was installed in 2000. When he was towing the *Dingy* and saw water spurring through the hull he patched it up. When the transom needed replacing, plywood and fiberglass did the trick. The Evinrude was replaced in 2010 with a Tohatsu. The *Dingy* wouldn't die.

Warren had been inviting me to sail with him since I made my last trip to Great Neck to deliver the boat. This past summer I acquiesced and spent a week on his 36' Pearson with the *Dingy* in tow. The trip started ominously when we left his mooring only to see the *Dingy* floating away. We had neglected to fasten the painter to the sailboat. The trip was thoroughly enjoyable and we even had a chance to relive the original dream by fishing from the *Dingy* in Long Island Sound. We had a great time and returned to the yacht club after a week of sailing. As we were leaving the dock, Warren was talking about his *Dingy* to one of the club members. I had to jump in and remind him, it wasn't his *Dingy*, even after 50 years, it was still our *Dingy*.



# Backyard Boats Through the Apple Tree

By Greg Grundtisch



I'm getting my fleet ready for oncoming winter which, as anyone knows who has heard of "lake effect" snow" here in Buffalo, New York, promises to be long and wintry. Pictured here are some of the nine in the yard. There are five more stored behind an ice skating rink, too. "You are either into boats or you're not," as the saying goes. There may be a few more boats added yet for next spring's sell off. I may have too many boats.

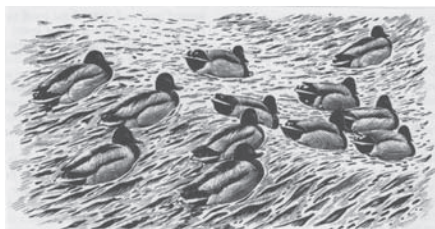
One of those boats is Jim Thayer's A-Duckah. I got it from Roger Allen. It likely will make a story during the winter. The A-Duckah will be cleaned up and painted and then I'll list it in the classified ads around March.

And a wooden Lightning is coming soon. It will likely become either a cat yawl or cat ketch if I keep it as a sailboat. I may (likely) turn it into an electric launch with seating and a canvas top.



Early spring 2015.

Late fall 2015.



By Mississippi Bob

## More on the Scarfing Jig

I described my scarfing jigs in the November issue by way of introducing my need to scarf on an additional foot to the mast of my Pickup Squared. I made a new jig to do this right. When I built this mast I had cut off a foot that I thought was excess. I had added seats to the boat that sat me high enough that I was hurting for head room and this old man has trouble ducking under the boom.

One photo shows the new jig. It is very simple and the photo is worth a thousand words, sometimes.



The original mast was built from a 2"x6" 10' long. I ripped this plank lengthwise on a slight diagonal and ended up with a blank that was 3" square at the bottom and about 2"x3" at the top. I glued this up and any knots on one half were in a different place on the other half. I rounded it up with power jointer and a Bailey jointer plane. The mast proved to be strong enough but unfortunately I then sawed it off to 9'.

It was probably not necessary to start out with 2"x4"s to build the top part, but I did. I simply wanted to match the lower mast. The photo shows the new part clamped up.



I squared this little piece with my planer and made a bushel of shavings before I sliced off all four sides with the table saw and made short work of bringing it down to nearly the size of the masthead keeping the glue joint in its center.

Now it was time to test out my new jig. I sliced off one end of the new part successfully and it was time to do the same with the mast head. The photo shows me getting ready to make this cut. All went well.



I glued this up with epoxy. The two parts were laid out on my saw horses and I applied epoxy to both halves and let it soak in for a while, then mixed some wood flour into the remaining glue and matched up the parts and gave them a slight clamping pressure.

The next day I rounded this up to match the lower part, sanded it smooth and varnished it two coats. The photo shows a very nice joint.



I brought the boat out of storage and fitted the mast and rigged the sail. All the original lines would still work so next I'm off to make a modification test, weather permitting. It has been raining here for the last two days and I am ready to get out anyway.



The *Alina* of Searsport Maine had gone missing. It was not unusual in the course of Civil War marine encounters that one of the participants might not return to port, and it is a matter of record that the *Alina* did go down in an encounter with another vessel. However, there was a piece here that did not seem to fit. The *Alina* was not a ship of war, but a commercial vessel peacefully plying her trade, "on the way to Buenos Aires with a cargo of railroad iron".

News travelled more slowly in those days and it may have been some time before those in Searsport heard the name *Shenandoah*. At that time, not much other information may have been available. However, while details may have been scarce at that point in time, they would not be for long. The tale of the *Shenandoah* would continue and would grow even until after the war had ended.

It began near the beginning of the Civil War, when the Confederacy realized that they would not be able to defeat the Union at sea with sheer naval power. The industrial development in the North at that point in time was far superior. The Union had what they needed to build an imposing naval fleet. The Confederacy knew that they did not have the resources to build anything that could match it.

They decided that their strategy would be to strike at the North economically by developing a fleet of vessels designed to prey upon Northern maritime commerce. At least in the early stages of the Civil War, there were two types of "raiders", those who could be classified as "privateers" and those termed "commerce raiders".

Roger A Bailey, in his article for the Civil War Trust, tells us that when "President Jefferson Davis...issued 'letters of marque' to enterprising civilian captains..." many jumped at the chance. As enticing as this endeavor may have looked at the outset, however, Bailey notes that those engaged therein soon found that "The Civil War was different from previous US wars... the Union blockade was more effective. ...As the risks of selling captured ships mounted, the privateering became less common." Another very real risk was the fact that the "Letters of Marque" were considered null and void by the Union, as they did not recognize the Confederacy as a nation. Therefore, Confederate privateers were viewed by the Union simply as pirates, and if captured could be tried as such. On her very first voyage, the crew of the *Savannah* gained firsthand experience of these risks.

The first rebel privateer --- its letter of marque dated May 18, 1861--- was the *Savannah*, a schooner-rigged former Charleston Harbor pilot boat that displaced only 54 tons and carried a single pivot gun... She went to sea on June 3, 1861 and made her first capture that same day... The *Savannah's* captain, T. Harrison Baker...sent her into Georgetown, South Carolina, where a Confederate court adjudged her a lawful prize. However... the same day that it captured the *Joseph*, the *Savannah* was herself captured by the sailing brig *USS Perry*. The crew of the *Savannah* was put on trial for piracy.

This resulted in a volley of correspondence between Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. After receiving the statement that the privateers were legally pirates and therefore were sentenced to hang, Jefferson Davis replied that for every Confederate privateer hanged, a Union prisoner would be shot. News soon reached Lincoln that Davis was

## Privateers and Commerce Raiders of the Civil War

By Gloria Adler Burge

actually in the process of having Union prisoners draw lots.

However, at this point Philip Van Doren Stern (Author of *Secret Missions...*) recounts: "...the Union backed down. The prisoners in question were then exchanged."

All of these factors began to cause the lure, as well as the practicality, of privateering to fade. Van Doren Stern continues: "By the end of 1861, practically all the smaller vessels, which Union Navy men contemptuously called the 'mosquitoes of ocean warfare,' had either been captured, destroyed or driven back to port."

The Confederacy then began to turn more to "commerce raiders". For one thing they could avoid some of the risks run by privateers such as attempting to run the blockades to sell their prizes. Moreover, it was no longer necessary for the officers and crew of these vessels to depend on a share of these prizes, as they were paid wages. In fact, the prizes themselves were not kept, but were sunk or burned, after removing a few items needed for the ship's stores, etc.

One other notable difference between these and the privateers was the fact that crews or passengers aboard the captured vessels were taken aboard the commerce raider and comfortably maintained until they could be put ashore. There was apparently an agreement among the captains which was, in effect, a code of conduct. The Civil War Sesquicentennial gives us this insight in their article on John Maffitt:

"Practically speaking, captains of commerce raiders had reputations to keep. As antiquated as communications were, word would get around the Seven Seas about a captain who mistreated captives. If caught, he would suffer severe consequences."

The ships themselves were fine vessels. Four of the most famous were the *Sumter*, the *Florida*, and the *Alabama*, which were bark rigged, and the *Shenandoah*, which was full rigged, or "ship rigged". A piece of equipment which might seem incongruous at first glance when viewing an illustration of these ships was the smokestack, since these were obviously sailing vessels. Each one, however also carried a steam driven auxiliary engine.

Just as an aside, in case one might at first glance judge the bark rig to be the less able, just from the sheer spectacle of the spread of canvas capable of being flown by a full rigged ship, this was not necessarily the case (no disparagement whatsoever intended to the *Shenandoah*). The bark rig, with her fore and aft sails on the mizzen, was potentially more weatherly, as was seen in an encounter between the *Sumter* and the *U.S.S. Brooklyn*. The *Sumter* had been trapped in harbor, just inside The Pass a L'Outre, waiting for a chance to escape into the Gulf of Mexico. The Pass a L'Outre was being closely guarded by the *U.S.S. Brooklyn*. At on point, "...the *Brooklyn* was momentarily distracted by another ship...[and]...Raphael Semmes [captain of the *Sumter*] decided to make a break for it" The *Brooklyn* turned and gave

chase, and ...when the *Sumter* crossed the bar at the river's mouth and headed into the Gulf of Mexico, the *Brooklyn* was only 3 miles away and closing fast. [in fact, at one point, Semmes] ordered the *Sumter's* paymaster to bring the ship's papers up on deck in case he had to throw them overboard before surrendering...[however]...as the *Sumter* headed further up into the wind, the square-rigged *Brooklyn* was forced to furl her sails and continue the chase under steam power alone. And now the *Sumter's* engines, cranky after all that waiting in the river, got into rhythm, and slowly but perceptibly the *Sumter* began to pull away. Late that afternoon, after several hours of fruitless pursuit, the *Brooklyn* finally gave up the chase.

The *Sumter* went on to have a moderately successful career, although not as noteworthy as would be her successor under Semmes' command, the *Alabama*.

Meanwhile, onto the stage in the drama of these times stepped James D. Bullock, diplomat and agent of the Confederacy. His "opposite numbers" were Thomas H. Dudley, U.S. consul in Liverpool, and Charles Francis Adams, U.S. Minister to England. Interwoven with the stories of these ships and their captains is a tale of international diplomacy, intrigue and espionage. Bullock couldn't simply commission a warship to be built in a British shipyard --- not openly, at least. Bailey notes: "... the British Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819... prohibited British subjects ...from 'fitting out or equipping' vessels in the British dominion for war purposes without government approval." Therefore for the British to build a ship to be used as a Confederate ship of war, they would be in violation of this act. However there was a certain amount of sympathy on the part of the British toward the Confederacy. "... the true purpose of the ship was an open secret...even Bulloch acknowledged that the builders had to have guessed the ship's real owner and her intended use...[but] with a wink and a nudge, [they] kept quiet about it and participated in the hoax by calling the vessel the *Oreto*..."

Adams and Dudley had another concern to add to the uneasiness of their situation. They were constantly aware that the Confederacy had petitioned the British for official recognition, which would have put them in a position where the British would be free not only to assist the Confederacy but to intervene. Meanwhile they...met only frustration in their efforts to convince the British to step in and halt the project. Bulloch's solicitors argued that 'the mere building of a ship within her Majesty's dominions' was not, by itself, a violation of British law, and that "the offence is not the building but the equipping. [This was despite the fact that it was visible to even the most casual observer that] the sides of the *Oreto* were pierced for sixteen guns and she had platforms fore and aft for pivot guns.

The construction went on to completion, watched in frustration by Adams and Dudley. At that point, Bulloch, even though he knew the British authorities were to a large degree looking the other way, decided that any further delay might be unwise, and "Unwilling to wait for the arrival of a prospective captain [he] ordered her to sea on March 22 under the command of a British captain and with a British crew."

The ship was away and at sea, but what about the armaments which would be needed and which could obviously not be fitted while in Liverpool? Bulloch had a plan.

A month later, the *Oreto* arrived at Nassau. There she met a cargo vessel carrying her guns and ammunition, and a week later, Confederate Navy Lieutenant John N. Maffitt arrived at Nassau on a blockade runner. At an isolated key in the Bahamas, Maffitt took formal command, changing the ship's name from *Oreto* to *CSS Florida* in honor of Mallory's home state.

Maffitt was perhaps the most colorful and personable of the Confederate commerce raider captains of the period. Royce Shingleton (author of *High Seas Confederate*...) relates: Maffitt was well known throughout the Union and Confederate navies for his skill and courage. As ship's captain, he was the perfection of coolness and the consummate navigator... "He is not only a thorough seaman..." wrote a colleague, "but a man of superior intellect, a humorist of rare excellence, and one of the most delightful companions."

Shingleton adds that "...he was born at sea in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean... Later with a characteristic flash of wit, [he] fixed his place of birth as longitude 40°w, latitude 50°n."

The vessel herself was "...a bark rigged, wooden-hulled steam ship... Though she had two 300-horsepower engines, she also carried an oversize suite of sails and a retractable brass propeller that allowed her to sail more efficiently."

The *Florida* experienced various initial difficulties and setbacks, including being for a period of time extremely shorthanded. Even under these difficulties, she ran both into and out of the harbor at Mobile, and *Florida's* although not without damage; ---"The *Florida's* rigging was badly cut up, and at least two 11" shells hulled her. [One] passed clean through her just above the waterline, [and] another came to rest in the captain's cabin but did not explode." Nevertheless, she avoided being either sunk or captured.

This resulted of course, in considerable consternation on the part of the Union Navy. In fact, it is recorded that U.S. Navy Commander George Preble was removed from the service and then five months later reinstated. This may be conjectured to have been because during those five months his commanding officer, David G. Farragut, had cooled down a bit from his reaction to the Maffitt incident. It is recorded that Farragut was reported to have been "...much pained" to hear that a rebel warship had run into Mobile right through the Union blockade in broad daylight, but 'incensed' would have been more accurate."

Maffitt took several prizes without apparently encountering any truly daunting opposition. Then one day "...the lookout espied an armed side-wheel steamer that Maffitt pegged as a Yankee warship. Maffitt's mission was not to fight, but to pillage..." The following chase ensues:

For most of two days the vessels raced across the ocean, the *Florida* at first seeming to have the faster turn of speed, then losing ground as the stranger came up to within 3 miles. Finally with all sails set, and the engines working at full capacity, the *Florida* pulled away and left the Yankee warship over the horizon.<sup>35</sup>

While the *Florida* was able to take several more prizes, Maffitt's command was cut short due to ill health, and "Lieutenant Commanding Charles M. Morris relieved him in January 1864."

Meanwhile, in Liverpool, the mysterious "Hull 290" was under construction. In spite of all the speculation and conjecture as to why

this particular designation had been assigned to this particular hull, "the simple explanation was that it was the 290<sup>th</sup> hull to be laid down in the Laird shipyard at Birkenhead..."

Adams and Dudley "were working hard to expose the 290 as a Confederate warship..." And meanwhile "Bullock stewed... the work had been delayed because the Lairds wanted cash on hand before starting... Even after the work began, there were additional delays due to the Laird's determination to use only the best quality materials..."

When completed, however, the *Alabama* was worth the wait. She "...was one of the finest, if not the finest, ship of her class." Bulloch had wanted the command for himself, but "Mallory decided: 'Your services in England are so important at this time... that I trust you will cheerfully support... any disappointment you may experience in not getting to sea.'"



*C.S.S Alabama*

Next, Stephen Fox (author of *Wolf of the Deep*...) introduces us to the next character: July 1862. Captain Raphael Semmes was biding his time in Nassau, the Bahamas, waiting for a ship to take him back to England after a daringly fruitful cruise on the *CSS Sumter*... In the Bahamas he hoped to find a fast blockade-runner that would take him to a friendly secessionist port in the South for a new role in the war---and then eventually home... Instead he was handed orders in Nassau to return at once to England and take command of a new ship.

Meanwhile, Adams and Dudley had not been idle. "On July 21... Dudley finally found someone who would swear in an affidavit that the 290 was a Confederate warship. Dudley passed the document on to Charles Francis Adams in London who presented it to the British foreign office."

With growing confidence they set their trap for the 290. "Adams ordered the *USS Tuscarora* to stand by to intercept the 290 if it attempted to go to sea," and Fox tells us that they had finally obtained official recognition of their evidence. "...the British Attorney General William Atherton, agreed that the construction of the 290 (now officially named the *Enrica*) was a violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act and that it should not be allowed to sail."

Meanwhile, however, Fox relates that "Bullock heard from what he later described as 'a private but most reliable source', that the 290 had better leave Liverpool within forty-eight hours." He did not wait that long. "...Bullock took the *Enrica* to sea that morning on what was officially advertised as a trial run. She never returned."

While Raphael Semmes' record of prizes taken while in command of the *Alabama* is unequalled in the record of Civil War commerce raiders, his most audacious exploit was probably his encounter with the *USS Hatteras*. "Despite his string of successes, Semmes sought an opportunity to strike at the Union war machine, not just its unarmed merchant

vessels. Learning from captured northern newspapers of a Union thrust at Galveston, he planned to steam in amongst the U.S. Army transports there and shell them."

Naturally, when he arrived at Galveston, he expected to encounter Army transport vessels. Instead, he "...found a squadron of Union warships." Not only was this unexpected but then "One of them evidently spotted him, for it began to move in his direction." At first, it would have appeared that Semmes was doing what would seem to be eminently prudent under the circumstances, i.e. running away. However "Semmes steamed away as if trying to escape, though he was actually trying to lure it away from its consorts." Soon this did occur to Captain Homer Blake of the *USS Hatteras*, as well. He "...began to suspect that he was being drawn off deliberately, and when the ship he was pursuing hove to and waited for him, he deduced at once that it was the *Alabama*. He nevertheless closed to within hailing distance and asked her identity."

Semmes ordered an officer with a British accent to reply that it was "Her Britannic Majesty's Ship *Vixen*" Blake, either still uncertain or playing out the game to the end, replied that he was going to send a boat. Before that could be done, the same voice called out "We are the Confederate steamer *Alabama*! And simultaneous with the last syllable came a full broadside. The fight was short and one-sided. The *Hatteras* was a converted passenger steamer [and was heavily out-gunned]. After removing the Union crew of 118 men, Semmes watched as the mortally wounded *Hatteras* went down. It was the first time in history that a steam warship of any nationality sunk another steam warship in battle, and it was the *Alabama's* only victory over a Union warship in its two-year career."

Sometime later the *Alabama* was anchored in Cherbourg. "the ship and its crew ...[showed] the wear and tear of a long voyage..." Symonds ponders what is regarded by some as one of the conundrums of the Civil War. "Semmes' decision to abandon his safe refuge... and go out to fight the *Kearsarge* was, and remains, an historical curiosity, if not quite a mystery."

...the *Alabama* was no longer the vessel it had once been. Semmes himself wrote that his ship was 'like the wearied fox hound limping back after a long chase, foot sore, and longing for quiet and repose.' Much of its powder had gone bad, and only one in every three of the shell fuses was reliable. Semmes knew this, but declared that he would take 'the chances of one in three.' Winslow, utilizing a strategy that "Semmes later complained... was cheating...": had prepared for the fight by hanging spare anchor chains over the sides of his ship and covering the chain with a false hull of 1-in planking painted black... Over the next hour, the *Kearsarge* took several hits though none of them were critical in part because of her chain mail protection.

One of the deciding factors of the battle may be reflected by an artifact in the Ordinance Museum in the Washington Navy Yard. In this museum is preserved the sternpost of the *Kearsarge* with a shell from the *Alabama* imbedded in it. This is of course possible because both the sternpost and the shell are intact. This shell "...apparently had one of the two-in-three fuses that failed to function for [it] did not explode. Had it done so, it might very well have sent the *Kearsarge* to the bottom."

The "chance of one in three" had turned against Semmes. The *Alabama* "... was set-



tling quickly, and there was no hope of trying to make it back to port. Continuing the fight would condemn his crew of 149 men to near-certain death. 'Cease firing' Semmes ordered 'shorten sail and haul down the colors.'

Even though this ended the career of the Confederate commerce raider *Alabama*, Brian M. Thompson, (editor of *Blue & Gray at Sea*), states that "The *Alabama* was the most successful Confederate cruiser of the war" and refers to Semmes as "...the South's answer to David Farragut."

Meanwhile, the next principal in this drama was being prepared for her role. The saga of the *Shenandoah* begins, as did her sister in the Confederacy, the *Alabama*; in the British Shipyards of Birkenhead and Liverpool. James D. Horan (Editor of C.S.S. *Shenandoah The Memoirs...*) brings us to the beginning of this chapter in our tale.

"In the fall of 1864, Bulloch heard about the *Sea King*, 'a long, rakish vessel of a registry of 790 tons with an auxiliary engine of 220 nominal horse power.'" Bulloch was intrigued by the reports he heard. At the same time, Thompson relates that "Dudley was reporting to Adams that he had seen the *Sea King*, and she was 'a likely steamer for the purposes of a privateer.'"

Horan relates: "...Bulloch purchased the *Sea King* with the intention of using her as his weapon to destroy the New Bedford whaling fleet in the Pacific and the Arctic. She would be the last cruiser he would buy; she was the last hope of the Confederate Navy." The strategy for spiriting the *Sea King* out of Liverpool was similar to that of her predecessors. When she left Liverpool, in broad daylight, Horan continues: "[She proceeded]...down the channel...she did not carry turret mounts on her decks...Her only fire power was two twelve-pounders, 'which was normal for an East India merchantman.'"

Meanwhile, following the strategy which had proved efficacious in the past, Horan relates that "Bulloch had purchased a large supply ship, the *Laurel*, and had loaded her to the gunwales with guns, powder, and supplies." These were earmarked for the *Shenandoah*, as the *Sea King* would be renamed when she arrived at a destination which Horan identifies as "Funchal on the Island of Madeira. There they met eleven days later, and the transfer of supplies and guns took place."

The next vital piece to put in place was the man who would be in command of this new predator of the seas. One experienced officer who was already residing in England, was First Lieutenant James Iredell Waddell, and (as the North Carolina History Project article of the same name states): "...in October 1864, Commodore Samuel Barron selected him to captain the CSS *Shenandoah*, originally... named *Sea King*." Horan continues:

Physically Waddell was a man of medium height, with black hair and thick sideburns... He was not a warm man, like Semmes of the

C.S.S. *Shenandoah*



*Alabama*, he had a tendency to remain aloof from both his crew and his officers. But he was a man of vast integrity, and he had an almost fanatical devotion to official orders. Before his ship's voyage ended, he would make a remarkable record as a seaman."

In describing the strategy of commerce raiders for approaching their prospective prizes, the term "under false colors" comes to mind, since the origin of this idiom is taken from actual events in history where vessels did exactly that. Commerce raiders did not appear on the horizon flying the Jolly Roger or some such, striking terror into their victims' hearts from miles away. They would instead fly the colors of some nation friendly to the Union, such as the British, until close enough to make the escape of their intended prey unlikely. Then they would run up the Confederate flag and --- to interpose a metaphor from similar activities on land --- call on their victim to "stand and deliver".

Shortly after first setting out, "Despite [being shorthanded and therefore] unable to fire her big guns, the *Shenandoah* took her first prize on October 30." The ship taken was the *Alina* of Searsport, Maine. From a section of *Correspondence Concerning Claims Against Great Britain* (U.S. State Department correspondence) we have the following excerpt from the personal affidavit of William A. Temple, a crewmember aboard the *Shenandoah*:

"About the 29<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1864, we captured our first prize in the bark *Alina*, of Searsport, from Newport, bound to Bahia. When we got within signaling distance of her we hoisted the English flag. She replied by hoisting the American and as soon as we got up near her, we fired a blank shot across her bows, and hoisted the Confederate flag. She hove to, and an armed boat was sent to her. The vessel was condemned, and sunk."

At that point, the *Shenandoah* was still short handed, but "Waddell also managed to recruit five members of the *Alina's* crew to join the *Shenandoah*. This too, became a regular practice until finally the rebel raider had a crew large enough to man the sails and the guns at the same time..."

During a stop in Australia, the *Shenandoah* escaped another attempt by officials to stop her. Horan tells us that this attempt was foiled "by red tape and the Australian love of extended dinner hours."

Leaving Australia, Horan continues, "...Waddell set a course first for the South Pacific, then the Arctic Ocean, where the *Shenandoah* roamed like a stalking wolf among the lumbering, helpless wooden whalers in the sea of Okhotsk off Siberia." On page 31 of Horan's book, there is an illustration of "the *Shenandoah* towing a chain of whale boats in the Bering Sea". If, on glancing at this illustration, one might wonder why the *Shenandoah* would do this, the answer is simply that Waddell had captured so many whaling ships that there was no room aboard the *Shenandoah* for the prisoners.

Meanwhile, there was a problem. Waddell was not aware that "By the time the *Shenandoah* left Micronesia and sailed north to begin her assault on the American whaling fleet in the Pacific, Lee had surrendered." Various scattered sources of news, mostly old newspapers from whalers he had captured, reached Waddell, but nothing he considered unequivocally conclusive. "...it was always possible that the Yankees were publishing lies, something he believed them to be capable of."

Waddell, meanwhile, was on his way to San Francisco. He planned "...to enter San Francisco Bay in the dark of night, steal up on the Union ironclad that was stationed there, board her in the dark and take her. Then with both of those vessels under his command, he would place the city of San Francisco itself "under contribution," that is, he would demand an indemnity from the city to avoid being shelled."

One wonders what would have actually transpired if he had arrived in San Francisco. However, while enroute there... the *Shenandoah* encountered the British Bark *Baracouta* on August 2, and from her Waddell received chilling news. The war was indeed over... This time, there was no doubting the facts. As one officer wrote in his diary, "We now have no country, no flag, no home."

As disconcerting as all this was, there was need to take thought, and then to take action. What was to be done? We have no way of knowing what alternatives Waddell turned over in his mind in the process of making his decision. However, we do know that in the end: "Waddell...ordered the guns dismantled and struck below, pointed his ship southward, and began a 17,000-mile voyage back to her point of origin...after a round-the-world cruise of 58,000 miles, during which she captured thirty-eight prizes, she dropped anchor in the Mersey River near the British ship-of-the-line *H.M.S Donegal*." The last voyage of the last Confederate Commerce Raider was ended.

Looking back, much could no doubt be said, pro and con, about these captains and their careers. To some they were villains. To some they were heroes. One thing is certain, however. One realm in which they were unparalleled is that of historical interest. As proven by the increasing number of books being generated on this subject even today, they are still capable of providing grist for the mills of chroniclers then and now.

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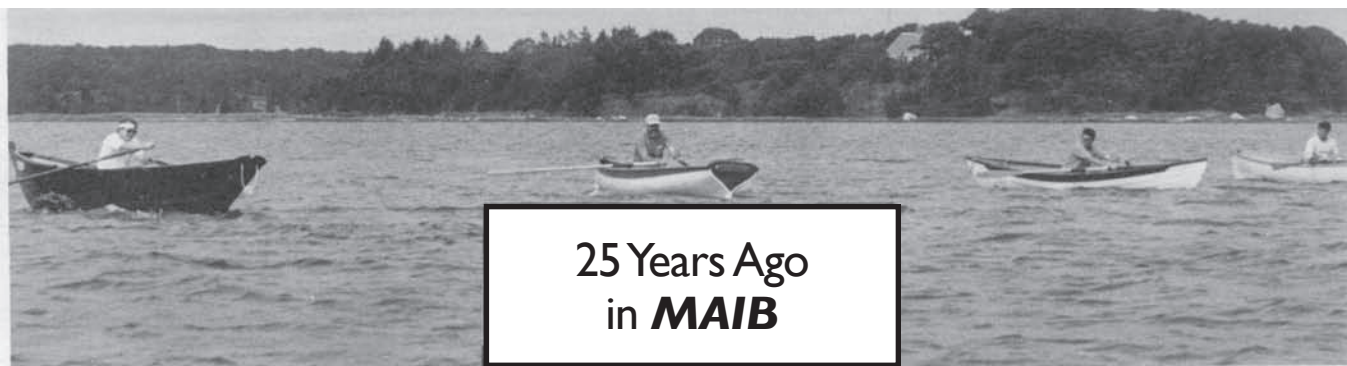
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## The Oarmaster Trials

The purpose of our Cape Cod Vikings "Oarmaster Boat Trials, held on September 30th on Little Pleasant Bay in Orleans, Massachusetts, was to try to accurately distinguish between the effects of a strong oarsman and a fast boat. In conventional rowing competition such as the Blackburn Challenge, where a variety of boats take part, it soon becomes evident which boat hull types are fastest. Even amongst boats of similar type, such as Banks dories, there are significant differences amongst the hulls.

Our method of achieving our purpose was quite simple; we run as many short sprint races as there are boats entered, each oarsman moving to a different boat in each race. Thus each boat is rowed by each oarsman once, comparing total times of the oarsmen provides their standings; comparing total times of the boats gives their standings.

The course was a nautical half-mile in an east-west direction between Namequoit Point and Sampson Island. Four of the races were

held west to east, three east to west. The southeast wind blew at 8-10 knots early in the event, rising to 12-15 knots in the later races. Thus four races had the wind on the starboard bow, the other three had it on the port quarter. The area is shallow and protected and waves averaged six inches, reaching whitecap conditions for a few hundred yards in the channel off Namequoit Point after the ebb commenced late in the racing.

Seven boats were entered by Vikings members: Dan Cullity's carvel Whitehall; Barry Donahue's carvel Whitehall; Carl Kirkpatrick's fiberglass carvel peapod; Mike Orbe's carvel Banks dory; Jon Aborn's lapstrake Piscataqua River wherry; Bernie Smith's fiberglass lapstrake gunning dory; and Tom Mignone's plywood Gloucester Light Dory. The overall and waterline lengths of each boat were taken, the latter with an oarsman on board, except for the light dory, which dimensions were taken from the building plans. The dimensions

appear in the results summary.

Prior to the racing, the oarsmen were asked to predict the fastest boat overall. The Piscataqua River wherry received four votes, the peapod two and the light dory one. Subjective, and as it turned out, not what happened. The wherry did win three of the races, the gunning dory two, and the light dory and Dan's Whitehall one each. But, after the seven races, the boat with the fastest total time was the gunning dory, with the peapod, light dory and wherry following in that order. These four were close, within 3 minutes of one another over a total time of around 50 minutes. The nearly identical Whitehalls had nearly identical times, while the Banks dory was well back, about two minutes slower in each race. The results summary shows the details.

Because six of the seven oarsmen were unfamiliar with each boat and had to adapt to differing oar lengths and grips, seat heights and foot rests, we expected that each would probably do best in his own boat. But, although four different boats won races, only one oarsman won a race in his own boat, Jon Aborn in the Piscataqua wherry. So, to see if a serious problem in adapting might have biased the overall ranking of the boats, the times were recalculated with each boat's worst time thrown out. The only change which this made was moving the wherry from 4th to 2nd place. This suggested that this tender boat may have posed an adaptation problem for at least one oarsman.

There seems to be little correlation between a boat's waterline length and its performance. The wherry, with the longest waterline at 14'4" was fast, and the Banks dory with the shortest at 11'10" was slow, but the gunning dory and the light dory, both at 12'3", were faster than the wherry, and the Whitehalls at 14'3" were comparatively slow. There did seem to be a correlation, however, between a boat's weight and its performance. The four fastest boats each weigh under 150 pounds, while the

BOAT	JON	MIKE	TOM	BARRY	CARL	DAN	BERNIE	TOTAL BOATS TIMES
FIBERGLASS GUNNING DORY								
LOA 14' 10"	6:30	6:17	6:46	7:20	8:04	6:53	7:45	49:35
LWL 12' 3"								
FIBERGLASS PEAPOD								
LOA 13' 10"	7:02	6:45	7:25	7:12	7:02	7:47	7:21	50:34
LWL 13' 4"								
PLYWOOD GLOUCESTER LIGHT DORY								
LOA 15' 5"	6:40	7:08	7:20	7:34	7:45	7:01	8:30	51:58
LAPSTRAKE PISCATAQUA WHERRY								
LOA 16' 7"	6:05	6:19	6:40	7:32	7:44	7:55	9:56	52:11
LWL 14' 4"								
CARVEL WHITEHALL (DAN'S)								
LOA 14' 10"	7:30	6:57	7:57	7:46	9:21	8:36	8:59	57:06
LWL 14' 3"								
CARVEL WHITEHALL (BARRY'S)								
LOA 14' 10"	8:09	8:22	8:14	8:01	8:02	7:56	8:11	57:55
LWL 14' 3"								
CARVEL BANKS DORY								
LOA 15' 1"	8:46	9:16	9:24	10:01	10:29	12:42	12:01	72:39
TOTAL OARSMEN TIMES	50:42	51:04	53:46	56:26	58:27	58:50	62:43	



Whitehalls and Banks dory probably weigh over 300 pounds apiece.

There was little correlation between the time of each race and the wind direction. The combined times in the four races with the wind off the bow averaged a minute faster than the three with the wind on the quarter. This may have been due to the occasional difficulty some oarsmen experienced in controlling a boat's downwind direction.

The oarsman with the best overall time was Jon Aborn, who won the "Oarmaster" trophy, a beautiful plaque carved and painted by Mike Orbe. Jon won four races, Mike one, with Tom Mignone taking the other two. It seems remarkable that only 22 seconds should separate Jon and Mike after nearly an hour's racing in seven different boats. Had each been allowed to throw out his worst effort, they would have been within 8 seconds of one another, after almost 4 miles of rowing! The results summary shows the details.

When asked after the trials which boat was the most enjoyable to row, the oarsmen gave the wherry three votes and one each to the gunning dory, both Whitehalls and the light dory. They remarked on the light feel of the light dory, the good manners of the gunning dory, the feeling of sheer speed of the wherry, and the carry of the Whitehalls between strokes. The Banks dory also left a strong impression: "You don't row that boat, you kind of pry it along!"

Report by David Stookey, Race Committeeman

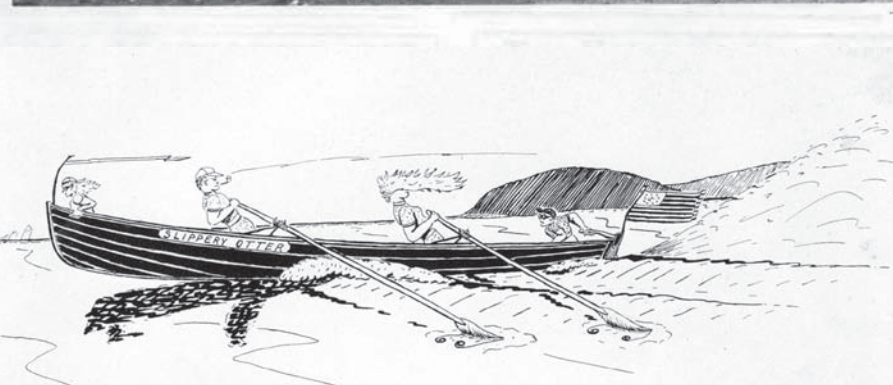
Photos by Barry Donahue, Race Organizer & Post Race Chili & Enchilada Luncheon Provider.

Opposite page top: Lineup for a heat; from left are Bernie Smith (Banks dory), Dan Cullity (Whitehall), Barry Donahue (gunning dory) and Tom Mignone (peapod). Photo by Frank "The Ruin" Rowe.

Lightening up the boats on the beach: Carl Kirkpatrick unpacks, Frank "The Ruin" Rowe checks on the potables for the chase boat, and Dan Cullity ships the oars in the gunning dory.

Right from the top: Measuring up Mike Orbe's Banks dory. Carl Kirkpatrick locating the stern waterline, Dave Stookey measuring the beam, Frank "The Ruin" Rowe locating the bow waterline. Bernie Smith and Mike Orbe look on from the dock while Dan Cullity waits his turn in his Whitehall.

Line up on Sampson Island, from front to back: Gloucester light dory, peapod, gunning dory, wherry, Whitehall, Banks dory, and the second Whitehall.





I went for a good long cruise on Labor Day. I put in at the Fort Cassin Fish and Game launch on the mouth of the Otter Creek that empties into Lake Champlain. It is convenient to the southern part of the lake and has decent parking, but it can be a challenge as there is no dock you can lash your boat to while you park your trailer. There is also a slight current that can gum you up if it catches you unaware.

For those new to trailer boating you might find these to be obstacles that are above and beyond the normal p.i.t.a. of launching a boat, so I'm passing on a few tricks I plagiarized from some old school fisherman that work slicker than an old trout that may help smooth out the process.

#1. After prepping the boat for launch, back the trailer into the water. Stop just before the winch post goes over the drink. At that point unhook the winch strap, hook up the bow line to your boat and loop the free end over the winch post. Then back her in until she floats and gently pull your rig forward. Your boat will successfully separate from your trailer and obediently come to you like an old black lab to a school boy.



Securing the bow line.



Ready to launch.

It bears emphasizing to not unhook the winch strap before your trailer is well in the water. I have seen more than one boat prematurely slide off the trailer when the driver backed down the ramp and tapped the brakes. It's just enough force to make the boat shoot off the trailer like a bullet out of a machine gun and hit the ramp with a nasty kerchunk. You might not think it as being a particularly bad situation as it happens at a relatively slow rate of speed, but those accidents are surprisingly ugly and almost always result in a ruptured wallet.

It should also be mentioned again to not overlook the other key step of this process, hooking your bow line to the winch post. You won't believe this, but I knew a guy who was launching his boat at a ramp where there were some pretty girls. The pretty girls were naturally impressed by the fellow's rugged he man demeanor and rather nice looking vintage aluminum boat. So, feeling his oats, he thought he would show off a little bit and put on a boat launching clinic.

## Some Trailer Launching Tips

By Johnny Mack

It was going extremely well and the pretty girls were oohing and aaahing, duly impressed. But something criminal happened somewhere between the time he unhooked the winch strap and jumped back into the cab to complete the launch. I was never much of a practical joker so it is lost on me why people do this, but someone apparently sneaked up to his boat during the split second his back was turned and unhooked the bow line he just skillfully rigged. The results were like he never connected it at all. Needless to say, the untethered boat floated clear away the second it hit the water. That poor chap had to go for a swim to retrieve his boat in front of the aforementioned gaggle of now giggling ladies. What a sap.

#2. Many people who launch when there is no dock pull their boats onshore while they park their trailers. This can cause a surprising amount of damage as inevitably some stones poke up above the rest and bear the full weight of the boat. Those stones are by definition very hard, can be sharp and have a very high coefficient of friction. They can dig right into a hull and leave deep ugly scratches just from the static weight of the bow alone.

If there is a chance for something to go wrong, it will happen at a boat launch and it will be at the worst possible time. So while your boat is in the fragile state of being supported on dry land by the points of a few rocks, you can always count on a member of your party to step in it and lay some serious beef on the tender parts. Ouch! Some will even expect you to push your boat over the rocks to launch it with them in it. Of course, they have good reason, they don't want to step into the water and endure the unimaginable hell of getting their feet wet to board your boat when it is safely floating. More than one hole has been punched in a boat by this lazy technique. But what do you do? You can't just let your boat float while you park your trailer.

This second tip solves the problem. A 3' or 4' chunk of common ordinary scrap 2"x4" is just the ticket to beach your boat on, sans damage. Just toss the 2"x4" into the drink a few inches from the shoreline and pull your boat up on the nice soft wood. It keeps the boat off the rocks and for reasons I can't explain, even the most unaware boat pals tend to keep their mangy carcasses out of your boat until it is fully in the water. I use a light duty line to secure the 2"x4" to the boat just so I don't cruise off and forget it at the ramp. I never bothered with the line until I feared I would get arrested for littering by leaving so many 2"x4"s behind.

Scratch free bottom tool.



Of course, it pays to have a small boat you can wield around easily. A child of three can darn near pull my Flying C halfway out of the water onto the shore. It is still helpful on larger boats such as Hildegard, my Chieftain, but even Maurice Mad Dog Vachoun couldn't pull a moose hog like her out of the drink. In those cases you just push the 2"x4" under the water with your foot and drag the bow on top of it enough to wedge it in place while you park the trailer. On that note, you definitely want to tie the bow line to a big rock or a tree as otherwise a wake or a gust of wind will float a boat in that situation away in a heartbeat.



Ready, set, go.

Well, that's about it for launching. Retrieving can be another breed of hell altogether and aye carrumba, I have seen some awful...ah er...situations. But again, a slight technique adjustment can save the day.

A frequent problem is centering the boat on the trailer. It can be a stressful time, especially for novices. A bad recovery can make a boater frustrated and miserable but I abide by the guy code and don't give advice or help unless asked. If only they could see it through my vantage point, they would instantly recognize they backed their trailer too far into the water and their boat is aimlessly floating. Without any containment and guidance, it will land on the trailer at weird angles and be a bear to center.

The solution for this is simply to recognize the problem and pull your rig forward a hair. If the trailer isn't as deep, the bunks/rollers provide direction to the hull and channel it in a crisp fashion to its proper resting spot. It is different at every ramp depending on the inclines and water levels. But you can judge how far to back the trailer by relationship of the waterline to your fenders. With me, I like to see the top of the fenders just barely stick out above the water. That position works first time, almost all the time.

Oh, you're such a good girl...





But for example, if a current or the wind fight me and at the tie down area I find I got loused up and the boat is off center with a strake on the wrong side of a bunk, it's no big deal. I carry a 6' section of 2"x4" in my truck and just Archimedes the hull up and over to center it. If you have to resort to such action, just make sure you release the bow winch ratchet, you'll turn blue and snap the 2"x4" in half before you move the boat a micron if the winch is locked.

That is also a trick confined to smaller boats only though. You aren't going to move anything with a brace of 350 four strokes hanging on the transom with a 2"x4", no matter what kind of leverage you muckle on it. Hopefully, if you can afford such a heavy boat you can afford a trailer fine tuned to effortlessly launch and recover the beast. You're going to need it.

Like most things in life, boat launching is one of those things that the more you do it, the better you get at it. It all becomes pretty easy after a while as it is simply a matter of recognizing the mechanical forces at play, refining a good technique and being blessed

with a substantial amount of dumb luck. Hey, even I have become pretty good at it. In fact, I have become reasonably fast and rarely have a problem that can't be fixed with a 2"x4", a short swim, a hammer, an acetylene torch, a couple of brews or 75% DuPont Extra. In fact, I am glad to say that I am finally good enough at it where I don't even need to consume a stiff Manhattan at the end of a boating day to calm my nerves. I just have one anyway, you know, out of respect to seafaring tradition.

What does wind me up tight, though, is dealing with the jackwagons who bypass the staging area at boat launches and prep their boat in the dunking lane. Many times they will even cut around a good Samaritan boater such as myself, who is politely waiting his turn in queue, to do such a heinous act. And after they break etiquette by backing their boat to the water ahead of everybody, they further wave their their privates in front of the entire civilized boating world by making sandwiches, changing diapers, walking the dog, blowing up inner tubes, all the while decent folk patiently wait for them to ever so slowly move their rude asses out of the way.

Oh my, I just came up with another use for those 2"x4"s. Now be nice. I don't know what you're thinking, but I wanted to mention I find it handy to include three or four foot long pieces of 2"x4" in my trailer towing kit. Among other things, they go hand in hand with the small bottle jack I bring in case I need to change a tire. The jack has more than enough lifting power for any axle on my rig and it is small enough to easily lug around, but I find it doesn't have the greatest reach. I have jacked up axles before, only to find the jack is fully extended before the trailer tire springs are compressed and the tires are still firmly planted on terra firma. I place the jack on the 2"x4"s, which raises it up and extends the lifting height to a useful level. I'm banking on the likelihood that if my luck is bad enough to need a jack, it would be bad enough where I could not find a suitable board or rock by the side of the road to get the job done.

Besides, I am a peace loving man and couldn't recommend a 2"x4" to give a ramp nudget a couple of good whacks. A 2"x2" is best for that.

## The Early Days of Trailer Boating

From Mike McClure



Early cartopping, just "horsing around!"



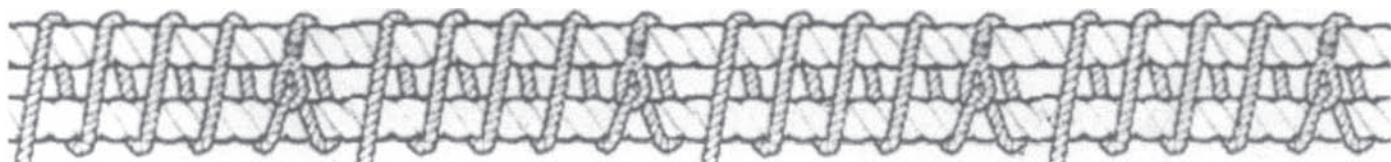
No horses, no oxen, no problem, "Pull away boys!"

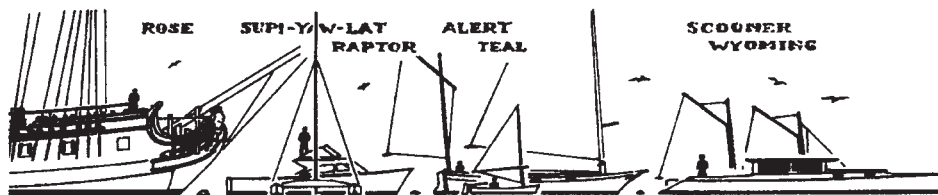


"Duh... you boys ever hear of wheels?"



"Moooving" the boat to water.





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As he reported in the February 2015 issue on page 49, looking way back in his magazine's archive the Editor counted the number of articles contributed by Phil Bolger to every issue since June of 1991, by April 15 1995, the first one by us together and after Phil's death May 24, 2009, with a few initial reruns, now myself, Susanne Altenburger, widow to Phil Bolger. After proposing to immediately begin adding this count to every article since, I was immediately distracted by one thing or another until I finally got with it starting here.

Now if this were a monthly magazine (*it was twice monthly until 2008-Ed.*), 494 articles would amount to well over 40 years of steady output. And there are folks discussing boats steadily across a decade or two in respective magazines. But what are the odds of doing this many out of one design office when almost always only talking about one's own work?

Phil got his first article (his perspective on smaller working craft of Tokyo Bay) out to a nationwide readership in Vol 63, #3 March 1948 issue of the now defunct *Rudder* magazine (1891 through 1977). The last piece he had anything to do with appeared in *MAIB* of June of 2009 (Vol 27, #2) on Design #680 "Nano." And this actually makes for some 61 years of his publishing articles plus, of course, his six books between 1972 and 1994.

However, there is no case of any young designer getting her/his own steady column in any periodical in the earliest days of career building and then keep on going for more or less the full length of a lifetime of productive work. While Phil did design work since adolescence, he did not hang his shingle out until 1952. And then his design thinking would not appear in any regular extended format for decades to come until his 80 columns that appeared in *Small Boat Journal*, starting in 1979 and ending in 1990 when someone took that magazine name and drastically changed staff, format, business model, location until it had morphed into, well nothing much Phil could have ever had anything productive to do with.

So, as the Editor stated, beginning with the June 1, 1994 issue this design column has added up to now Number 494 in *MAIB* out of the same design office, almost completely uninterrupted. And, as I stated in *MAIB*'s February 2015 piece on page 48,

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Column No 494 in *MAIB*

### *Gadabout* aka "SACPAS-3" LCP Landing Craft Personnel

Design #681: 39'1"x7'5"x12"x225hp/25kts  
w/Medium Load

22nd in a Series of Articles on this Project

### 494 Discussions on Design in this Magazine

this seems to be indeed the longest such run in boating publications.

Long time observers of this long sequence in *MAIB* would raise the issue of the at times quite different focus of said pieces, contrasting familiar sequences of boat design discussions with periodically quite deep in the weeds episodes of seemingly political deliberations, whether on local harbor development or regional and national fisheries politics and its impact upon the fishing fleet and the boats. For all we know, we'll end up going well beyond SACPAS-3/*Gadabout* when talking some more on matters with the Navy.

To that issue I would counter that ruinous harbor policies will directly damage the chances of boatyard survival and thus the chances of your storing, fixing, altering your boat, not to mention gentrification policies driving up cost levels of just tying up your boat. And that we may want to consider how bad fisheries policies must be if in this day and age of advancing eco awareness no Low-Carbon Fleet Innovation has been allowed to emerge, dejure beginning in 1994 and administered for the Northeast here out of Gloucester.

Despite the books and decades of articles, apparently NOAA/NMFS remain blissfully unaware that Gloucester has also been the home of one Phil Bolger. Suddenly hardwired like boats quickly reveals massive political context and even cascading socio-

economic realities. He had expressed his particularly powerboat sensitivities often even decades ago, such as with smoother water boats like 30'x6' Tennessee (#359 of 1978) which is perfectly happy running with ten folks aboard at full 7+ knots hull speed under the mighty urgings of a 250cc 10hp outboard.

Or much bigger by weight at 31,000lbs and essentially unlimited in its use from inland to trans oceanic, his own live aboard 48'x11'x31,000lbs *Resolution* (Design #312 of 1974) happily moved along at 8.9 knots driven by an unpretentious Norwegian two cylinder hand starting 22hp direct drive variable-pitch propeller SABB Diesel engine.

And yet, whether using simple or complex hull shapes, even under its piously postulated and self celebrated Ecosystem Based Fisheries Management (EBFM) aspirations, NOAA/NMFS's fiercely defended definition of EBFM to this day in late 2015 refuses to recognize the high or low carbon characteristics of the commercial fishing fleet as in any way related to the EBMF correct governance of the that same fleet. So, while waxing about the beauties of sustainability based EBFM, NOAA/NMFS plain will not see that eco sensitivity expressed in the design and operational parameters of commercial fishing fleet, whatever Old Man Bolger or that &#x26;\$\*@) Altenburger may have ever raised for discussion since 2003. And once the fleet gets ruined under these retro dictates, the working waterfront is under pressure towards gentrification, squeezing out affordable boatyards etc, etc, yada, yada.

Finally, for those readers still critical of this, at times, seemingly too broad scope of output on boat design and its politics, I would, of course, refer them back to indeed Phil's first national article in that big glossy monthly *Rudder* of March 1948 mentioned earlier, in which he reported his year long observations on the goings on around the smaller commercial boats and yards on the working waterfront of Greater Tokyo Bay, all as a US Occupation Army soldier with the personal background of having grown up near and in Montgomery's Boatyard in Gloucester. One way or the other, like it or not, designing, building and running of boats has distinct political aspects.



Raising the 35lb Delta plow anchor.

### A Family Day on Ipswich Bay

Particularly necessary for a December issue of *MAIB*, stepping back into the happy world of plain old boating, this piece #494 will primarily just reflect on the fine summer of 2015, quite a lovely and fabulously extended contrast to our challenging record-breaking winter of 2014-2015.

With minimal text per picture, here again in the format of a numbered pictorial narrative, a look back on one particularly gratifying day aboard *Gadabout*. I'll call the first 14 images "Family Outing with *Gadabout*," a scenario in which all sorts of interesting uses of her get explored by uninhibited young and older folks.



Family watching sea wall jumpers in Lane's Cove.





Seven folks in her bow cockpit in Lane's Cove ready for a fine day on Ipswich Bay and Crane's Beach.



*Gadabout* with family load leaving Lane's Cove.



Cruising at 15-18 knots with ten folks aboard.



Drifting on Ipswich Bay with four in the bow, three in her after cockpit, two inside and one afloat.



Kids diving off her roof on Ipswich Bay.



Using the bow gate from the water as yet without the rope sling for the first step upwards.

Warming up to a sizzle on the roof.



Towing cushion and young couple.

Fun at only 70% throttle on that old 225hp outboard.





*Gadabout* at anchor to support an afternoon at Crane's Beach, ten folks aboard and in the water.



Upstairs, downstairs.

**A Ride with the Mayor**  
Then a ride with our Gloucester Mayor, Sefatia Romeo-Theken, a good political gesture by her to say to the community that this boat design and construction work matters in a port.



All you can eat buffet from the underside of the cuddy.

### Sea Trials Wrap up Time

Next, to wrap her testing period up *Gadabout's* haul out in order to adapt her to her new owners' needs.



Marsh landing with designer/builder.



Hauled out, stern first again.

**Get Together with HitchBot**  
Finally a brief get together with the well travelled HitchBot.



Designer/builder aboard with late lamented "HitchBot."

**...and Subject of a Future Piece**  
Headed now into the shortest days of the year with whatever winter to come, I hope you enjoyed this return to the days of summer. And what is happening with *Gadabout* now will be subject of a future piece.



I have been reading various articles on the differences between raster and vector charts. Since I spent the last ten years of my career working with raster and vector maps for emergency management situations, I find the current discussions of interest. A raster image is an "electronic picture" of a chart/map. It is static and shows what was available when the image was created. A vector chart/map is dynamic and can be changed electronically with the proper software.

In my work, I took raster maps (1:100,000 scale topo sheets, for instance) and added overlays of the vector information desired, such as roads. The road overlay could be changed in line size or color to separate federal, state or local road nets. The raster map provided the base for the inclusion of more information. The same kind of work was done with aerial photos where a dot would be placed on a structure and, when the user put the cursor over the dot, additional information appeared relative to that structure. Since most aerial photos were more current than the available topo sheets, a lot of the work was done with the aerial photos as the base, although the topo map information was used as a comparison of the surrounding location.

Since my agency created raster maps in the three major topo scales, most of the initial work was done using the raster topo maps as the base maps. As current aerial photos became more available, the vector work was moved to the aerial photo base. Our users had the best of both worlds, a detailed raster base map and a current vector layer(s) of information relevant to emergency management activities. In the boating world, it seems that one has either the paper chart, a raster image chart or a vector image chart. Since my boat does not have a chart plotter or the like, I use a paper chart. One advantage to the paper chart is that I can add things to it of interest with a pencil or ballpoint pen.

Paper products (like charts) can last a long time if cared for properly. One example is a number of papyrus rolls found at the remains of a boatyard operational in 2,800BC. Granted, they were left in a dry area protected from the elements, but they are still readable and address the seagoing activities of the Egyptians of that time period. A non paper chart that has lasted a long time is the remaining fragment of the Piri Reis map



compiled in 1513 from military intelligence by the Ottoman admiral and cartographer Piri Reis. The map was constructed using other maps available at the time and drawn on gazelle skin parchment.

Of interest to some is the assertion that a portion of the map shows the mountains that now lie under the ice of Antarctica. Other than this map, these mountains were not known until found with special radar after WWII. In both examples, non electronic storage can last a long time and provide information about the past that would not otherwise be available.

On a totally different note, how much anchor chain do you have between the anchor and the rode (assuming you have this combination)? I have seen two "rules of thumb" on this. One states you should have a foot of chain for every foot of the waterline length of the boat if you are using the size chain recommended for that length of boat. Another source suggested doubling the size of the chain and using 6" thereof for each foot of boat length. Both writers also note that if you are anchoring on "rough ground" (i.e., rocks, coral or oyster) you need more chain to protect the rode from chafe.

Then there is the wind component affecting the superstructure. A 25' open boat will not have the wind factor that a 25' cabin cruiser would have. Both the wind and wave affect the amount of "pull" on the anchor line and the cantilever effort of the rode to smooth out the pull on the anchor. In most cases the amount of rode and chain we have with our boat is what we can easily store/handle on the boat and meets most of the conditions we may encounter on the water.

We know that a nautical league is a different distance than a land side league and the same for the "mile." The land league is reported to be the distance a person could

walk in an hour. On land, the league was most commonly defined as three miles, though the length of a mile could vary from place to place and depending on the era. At sea, a league was three nautical miles as defined by a given country's unit of measurement. The nautical mile is now defined as "a unit of distance equal to one minute of arc on the earth's surface." The definition was proposed in 1929 and was adopted by most maritime nations by 1954.

We did not get our current land mile until Elizabeth I, in 1593, declared a mile to be eight furlongs. During her reign the furlong length was changed from 625' to 660' and made the mile 5,280'. To make things interesting in terms of distance:

Roman mile = 4,840'

Irish mile = 6,721'

Scottish mile = 5,951'

French mile = 5,327'

Thus, depending on the country and its definition of a "foot," a league could be of difference lengths in different time periods. Based on the above, if you find a treasure map stuck away in some book, you need to know which unit of measurement was being used to describe the location of the loot. Then there is the question of "pace." The directions give you a starting point and instruct you to go "20 paces in a westerly direction." There are two definitions of "pace." It can be either one step or two. According to one source, a pace is a "brisk single step," while another notes that the "pace" equals to two of surveyor's steps. The Roman pace, from which we get our mile, was standardized (under Agrippa) as the distance of two steps or five Roman feet (about 4'10" in today's measurements). There were 1,000 paces in the Roman mile.

Then, of course, how tall was the pirate who wrote the directions? His pace may be of a different length than yours. I saw this discrepancy in action some years back when the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club had a "treasure hunt" with directions, written in rhyme, to a number of "treasure" sites and one person walked over the treasure to start digging in the sand a little ways beyond, while his shorter companion stopped at the proper point and dug up the treasure. Then, there was the member who paced the directions off correctly, stood on top of the treasure and then dug in a circle around him before giving up.

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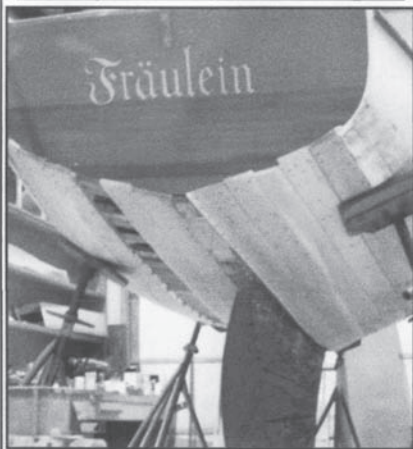
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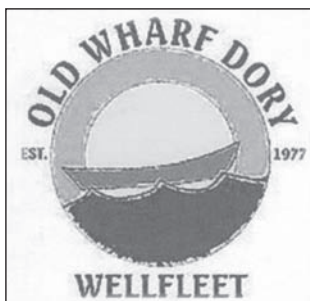
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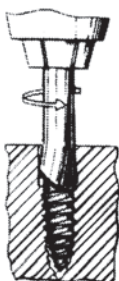
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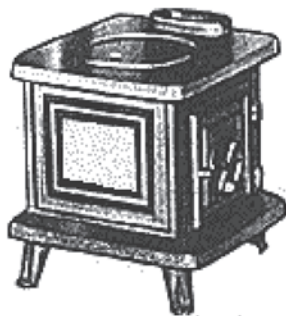
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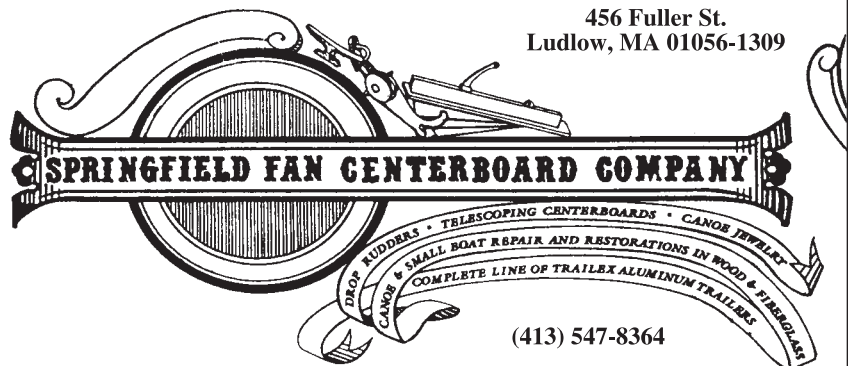
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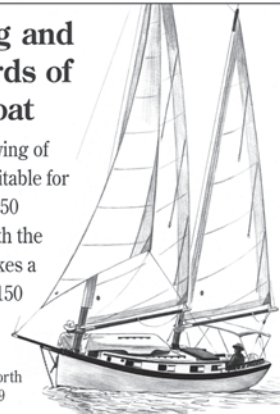
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